THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

Volume XIX | Friday, January 5, 1934 | Number 10

Editorial Board
Michael Williams, Editor
George N. Shuster, Managing Editor
Mary Kolars, Assistant Editor
Frederic Thompson, Assistant Editor

John F. McCormick, Business Manager

Editorial Council
Carlton J. H. Hayes
T. Lawrason Riggs
Richard Dana Skinner
James J. Walsh

TABLE OF CONTENTS

The New Year 253
Week by Week 254
The Catholic Outlook 257
Stations in Judea .....Cuthbert Wright 259
Seeing or Believing? ..William Michael Ducey 261
And Now, What? .....Helen H. Hielscher 262
Barnyardia .....Charles Morrow Wilson 264
North of 55 .....John McGurk 267
Et in Carne Mea (*verse*) ....Patrick F. Kirby 268
Monsignor Cicognani .....Igino Giordani 269
Silhouette (*verse*) .....Kenneth Slade Alling 270
Communications 271
The Play .....Richard Dana Skinner 273
Books .....George N. Shuster, Gerald B. Phelan, John Gilland Brunini, Grenville Vernon, T. Lawrason Riggs, Euphemia Van Rensselaer Wyatt 274

Previous issues of The Commonweal are indexed in the *Reader's Guide* and the *Catholic Periodical Index*.

Copyright 1934, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation.

Publication office, 34 N. Crystal St., East Stroudsburg, Pa. Executive offices, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. United States: $5.00; Foreign: $6.00; Canada: $5.50. Single copies: $.10.

THE NEW YEAR

WITH the passing of 1933, not only is that year numbered with all yesteryears but also the first third of the twentieth century is over and done with. We are entering a new year which also ushers in a new phase of the century which marks the closing of the second millenium of Christianity. And the statement may be ventured that the character of the age ahead of us will depend more upon the operative force of Christianity than upon any other factor. For those who hold fast the Faith of which the Catholic Church is the guardian, the promoter-in-chief, and the infallible criterion, there can be no question of the continuance of that operative force. It is in this world until this world ends even as the years have ended, and the centuries. But no Catholic can venture to be certain as to the degree, and the extent, of the influence of Christianity in the age we are entering. Perhaps we are to witness a great renaissance of the Faith. There are those who so read the signs of the times; but their conclusion can in the nature of things be no more than the verdict of hope. And there are those who foresee the retreat of Christianity to the catacombs—not the material catacombs of the first age of persecution but the moral and spiritual catacombs of neglect and isolation and indifference. And such prognostications are no better certified than the optimistic hopes of other observers. What does seem fairly certain, however, is that Christians are now being offered their great opportunity. If they grasp it and apply it rightly, the first prophecy will be fulfilled; if not, why then the second one is certain to come true.

When the great revolutions in Russia, Italy and Germany are closely studied, it is evident that religion plays a fundamental part in all of them. In Russia, for example, the warfare against religion, particularly as manifested by a decadent Church organization that had been corrupted and weakened through its slavery to the State, was, and still remains, a primary motive. Yet the most competent students of Bolshevism (Nicholas Berdyaev, Waldemar Gurian, and others) point out that it has many of the most powerful elements of a religion: one that has a redemptive ideal, and which inspires self-sacrifice and utter devotion in its followers. The same thing is true, in different ways, both of Italian Fascism and of German National

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Socialism. Both these tremendous political forces have exalted nationalistic patriotism or racial pride to the plane of religious fervor. They will permit other religions—Catholic and Protestant Christianity—to exist, provided that these latter play a subordinate part to the State; but the driving and dominant spirit is that of the religion of the State, and it seeks absolute supremacy, and may yet come into complete opposition to its rivals.

In other words, religion, and many religious issues, have reentered the sphere of world politics on the grand scale. The effort of nineteenth-century liberalism and secularism to divorce religion completely from politics and economics has failed. And what is true of Russia, Italy and Germany is true also of all other countries, though as yet not in such catastrophic measure. But in the United States, in France, and Great Britain, and the nations of the British Commonwealth, as in Spain and the Latin-American countries, the signs of the same world-wide phenomenon are plainly evident. Everywhere the dominance of the profit motive in business and industry, and of selfish interests in politics, which have prevailed so long, are being challenged. The revolution now sweeping the world, at high tide in some countries, weaker in others, is essentially a religious one. The age of spiritual mediocrity is over. The new age ushers in the vast struggles of opposing religious forces, and politics and economics will be a main arena of their combats.

But such arenas are but the secondary plane of their operations. The primary field of the struggle is in the minds of men. It is in the first clash of opposing philosophies that all other battles are foreshadowed. "Philosophy," said Cardinal Mercier, "is the science of the totality of things." It is the attempt of men to construct a consistent scheme, or system of the universe; an explanation of it, so far as is possible, and a chart, so to speak, by means of which mankind may move onward among its mysteries and dangers. And the higher the culture of an individual or of a people, the more powerful will be the philosophy which is constructed. And whenever any philosophy is so constructed, it is certain that men will try to demonstrate it in action. Behind Bolshevism and its gigantic forces stand Marx and Lenin, and other thinkers. Fascism and National Socialism too have their philosophers.

These pregnant philosophies have now produced their children of action. So, too, must Christianity now give birth to leaders and new armies of militant faithful. Catholic Action must cease to be a phrase, and become a quickening reality. The task which the New Year, and the new epoch which it ushers in, demands of all Catholics is prompt and world-wide obedience to the inspired summons of Christ's Vicar on Earth, the Pope, to real, positive action.

WEEK BY WEEK

ONE HATES to think of Christmas in terms of bills, and yet everybody necessarily does. This year, indeed, there is pretty general rejoicing over the sum-total of the bills. So much appears to have gone thumping into Santa's stockings that one's conclusion is: if not more prosperity, then at least more money for a greater number of people. Naturally there is little evidence of an increase in what used to be termed "earning power." During the past week, the President created a flurry by decreeing that during the next four years the output of American silver mines would be purchased by the government at a premium of 50 percent. The total economic effect of this move cannot be very great, since the sums involved will hardly affect the structure of the currency. It is interesting, however, to speculate upon the true meaning of this action. Should it be termed a political maneuver, made in order to steal the gas from the tanks of inflation speed-boats? Or does it involve a tacit confession that the gold-price-raising sponsored by Professor Warren has not influenced prices to the extent hoped for? Or is it simply one of many deeds planned in series to step up prices? It is a wiser man than we are who knows the answer. It is better, perhaps, to come back to the comforting fact that this year there were more gifts for more people, and that the slaughter of Christmas turkeys seems to have been really quite a massacre.

Summary of Events

PRESIDENT NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER'S annual reports always make good reading, first, because they reflect the mental outlook prevailing at one of the nation's greatest universities and, second, because they are written in a fine Earl-of-Clarendon prose. This year he bravely, though somewhat wearily, declares that if the world is ever set aright it will be the work of an educated younger generation, tired of watchful waiting and eager to see something done. To which the said generation might well reply, "O cruel spite," in the proverbial manner, were it not soon destined to grow very old, indeed. One of the tasks ahead is, in Dr. Butler's opinion, the destruction of the many-headed legalistic monster which legislative groups have enacted into being. Too many laws dry the impulse to act, as Yorkshire farmers do a filch of bacon. "The confusion in the United States between what is proper matter for legislation and that which should be left to administration is so complete that everywhere, both at Washington and in the forty-eight state capitals, the legislative power is in effect taking over a large part of what should be either executive or judicial business." In other words, the

Law and Disorder

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

people appointed to do the work sit waiting for the blue-print men to sketch everything, even to the steps which ought to be taken toward the ladder, up it and down it again.

THE SITUATION thus described is very real and dangerous. It is the result of generation-old distrust of executives and of that fabulous love of public conversation which is always characteristic of a half-educated democracy which confuses government with a debating society. Still more important, however, is this: "There is also a curious fallacy, very widespread, as to law enforcement. No law is, or can be, or ever was enforced unless it deals with purely material things. If it deals with human thought or human speech or human conduct, it is not, cannot be and never has been enforced." Of course one doubts that this statement is, strictly speaking, true. Laws regulating human speech and conduct have been enforced in a good many places. But Dr. Butler is quite correct in asserting that the heart of the Anglo-Saxon tradition is the recognition of certain rights of the person—a recognition which goes back at least as far as Alfred the Great, and without which neither Britain nor America is conceivable. We of this country have the honor, no less than the difficult duty, of guarding that inheritance.

American Harmony

THE PAN-AMERICAN CONFERENCE, says our morning's paper, "ends in harmony." That is news! Conceive, if you can in the light of what has happened to other international conferences of recent years, such a thing. We are so used to the hard facts of disagreements that agreeable agreement has an air of unreality. The chronic critic no doubt has much savagery in his heart at the very mention of harmony and would dismiss it with contempt. The adjournment of the conference on December 27 brought it within the echo of the call to peace among men of good-will particularly celebrated at this season. The long-standing quarrel between Bolivia and Paraguay as to the proper border line in the Gran Chaco was by acclamation, on the motion of Secretary of State Cordell Hull, referred by the conference to pacific, juridical settlement by the League of Nations. Anyone who has lived in a small town and has known what bitter feelings disputes on property lines can arouse between neighbors can appreciate on a small scale the difficulties of the Chaco conflict. The prospect of the final settlement of the dispute by the commission sent by the Council of the League of Nations, with the concurrence of both Bolivia and Paraguay to its coming, is not only a happy one but also one which must be regarded with the amiable patience that does not expect large, complicated purposes to be accomplished overnight.

WE HAVE already expressed our approval of the proposal by Secretary Hull for specific bilateral international trade treaties as an orderly, realistic and fair method of procedure, one which has been enthusiastically accepted in principle by the conference. Our State Department and diplomatic and consular services should now be busily occupied in working out the principle in detail. The brief whirlwind over the acceptance by the United States of the equal nationality rights for women treaty, signed by the delegates of the other countries at the conference, resolved itself into a family difference of opinion between the League of Women Voters, that holds protective legislation for women is necessary, and the National Woman's Party, that wants the ladies to have every privilege, good or bad, that the men have. Though there was a flourish of pens and a blotting of signatures, the issue is far from settled and is much more complicated, especially in cases of marriage between a man of one nationality and a woman of another, than it appears at first sight. Harmony, however, properly understood embraces the approach to differences as well as perfect agreements, and it may be hoped that the spirit of harmony which did in fact characterize the conference will follow it.

Repeal Christmas

NEW YEAR'S EVE has yet to be heard from at the time that this paragraph is written; and no one who knows his New Year's Eve, especially as celebrated in New York, could lay claim to any standing as a social critic who should attempt to plot the curve of the city's illicit festivity without including the findings of that particular night. But for all of that, we know we are not alone in feeling that the holiday showing of repeal is good and of favorable omen. The Christmas Eve just passed was reported as being the quietest in many years. The usual sizable company of inebriates drifting through the streets had dwindled to a record minimum. The usual abnormal number of fire alarms, due partly to drunken horseplay and partly also to the fact that many of the people lighting candles on Christmas trees have not been sober enough to command the requisite caution, had become reduced to the mere handful which the statistics of the fire department associate with any ordinary Sunday. The usual calls for police riot squads to temper the more violent celebrations and disentangle the more resolute celebraters were similarly diminished. Equally significantly the alcoholic ward at Bellevue Hospital which is a sort of barometer in this field for the entire city, reported only twelve cases of alcoholism this year, as against nineteen a year ago. Furthermore, not one of the present dozen is a fatality, though seven of the previous nineteen died of excess of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bootlegger's product. This last datum, adding its proof of improvement in drinks to the foregoing proof of improvement in drinkers, concludes a picture distinctly hopeful.

SINISTER indeed is the list of Christmas night fatalities reported from all parts of the United States. A great many of these accidents occur as people are returning from midnight Mass. Old or infirm persons, walking home with the music of carols about their hearts, are crushed under the wheels of speeding cars. At such moments Shakespeare's phrase, "No witch hath power to charm," seems utterly mistaken. Yet it would be wrong to conclude that by reason of such occurrences midnight Mass ought to be abandoned. This is not merely a popular feast, but is also definitely established by centuries of liturgical tradition. Nothing else could so well keep alive the memory of a night when the choirs of heaven sang to the poor of their Saviour, lying in the arms of a Virgin whom the Spirit of God had elected for His bride. But everything possible should be done to increase police vigilance during the hours preceding and following. It is also desirable that persistent requests be made, through appeals to the Holy Name Society and similar organizations, for Catholic abstinence from liquor on Christmas Eve. We ought not to retreat before the demon mechanics, least of all on this day. Ceaseless effort to control the situation should be the motto—an excellent one to be included among New Year resolutions which will not be forgotten.

Christmas Fatalities

THE GENERAL theme of The Biter Bit is one that recurs in song and story to the accompaniment of wide popular approval. Nor is this for any moral reason. The melodrama, "Cheating Cheaters," and its various progeny, for instance, have been successful not so much because they present the edifying spectacle of thieves being foiled as because the reversal they depict is so neat that it tickles the public humor. To play the sheriff in any current Western is to run the risk of being locked up in your own jail, tied up with your own rope or shackled with your own handcuffs; and movie-goers are so fond of this venerable trick that it is a matter of complete indifference to them who turns it: whether the desperado cornered in Dead Man's Gulch, or the hero temporarily mistaken for a criminal, who is thus reduced to manhandling the law in order to get away in time to rescue the heroine. The very children laugh with pleasure upon reading, in Browning's poem about the rats of Hamelin, that "they licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles." In the face of this practically universal feeling, it is unlikely that the sufferers in two actual, and very queer, thefts, just reported in the papers, will receive abundant sympathy, either local or national. For the first case, the police of Baltimore had a scouting car stolen more or less from under them on Christmas day; and whether the legend "Police" was printed on the car's side or not ("Police" was printed on the side of the car in that scene from "Get Rich Quick Wallingford" on which the puckish thief presumably modeled himself), the episode is complete enough to remain green for a long time in public memory. The second case is reported from the little town of Murray, in faraway Utah, whose night marshals thought to guard $70 by locking it in a jail cell, and then locking the cell's key in a steel box. Returning from their rounds, they found that the box had been forced, the cell unlocked, and the money stolen. They sound a little as if they might be Dogberry's men. Doubtless what is being said of them in Murray's salty speech, is worthy of Dogberry's chronicler.

Thieves with a Difference

DR. ARTHUR H. COMPTON of the University of Chicago, one of the most noted students of the cosmic ray and of various phenomena of light, the Nobel Prize winner in physics in 1927, expressed on Christmas day what seems to be a reasonable approach to religion. "Science can have no quarrel with a religion which postulates a God to Whom men are as His children," he declared and added that the kinds of evidence accepted in the one field for obvious reasons could not be compared with those in the other. His language is the guarded language of the scientist rather than the ardent language of the sincere religious, but it nevertheless conveys a large understanding of the basis of faith. "The evidence for an intelligent power working in the world which science offers," he declares to be "plausible," and continues, "It is thus possible to see the whole great drama of evolution as moving toward the goal of personality, the making of persons with free, intelligent wills, capable of learning nature's laws, of glimpsing God's purpose in nature and of sharing that purpose. As we recognize the greatness of the program of nature which is unfolding before us, we feel that we are part of a great enterprise in which some mighty intelligence is working out a hidden plan. Indeed, God has placed us in a position to help in furthering His program. For do we not hold in our hands and control the conditions of vegetable and animal life on this planet, and, to some extent, human life?" Such a statement by Dr. Compton, we believe, is a fine antidote to the superficial unbelief and easy, degenerative fatalism which the sudden popularity of science in secular learning in the past century has indulged, to the dismay many times of practising, thorough scientists.

Dr. Compton on Religion

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEWS of any progress in the fight against infantile paralysis, one of the scourges of our time, is good news indeed. Commendation and deep interest will follow the report that New York's Bureau of Laboratories, under Dr. William Hallock Park, is experimenting with highly encouraging results with a vaccine designed to immunize against this disease. The origin of infantile paralysis is as mysterious as its effects are devastating. There has seemed good scientific warrant for supposing that the tragic toll it has taken in its repeated invasions of our country is due, in part at least, to the fact that it is not endemic here; it has been asserted, apparently with authority, that most European countries have been seasoned to it for centuries, and in consequence suffer as little from it as we do from measles, or any other comparably light ailment. In any event, its ravages here are certain. Most of us know personally of deaths it has caused; many of us know its living victims. In the treatment of the latter, there has been some, though varying, success. The respirating chamber, called the "iron lung," in particular, has helped or cured a number of cases of lung paralysis. But to isolate the cause of the malady, and work thence to preventive measures, has proved, as always, more baffling, though devoted and intensive research has gone into the effort from the first. Dr. Park's experiments have resulted in the immunization of animals for short periods. If he is able to extend the effects of his inoculations, as he hopes, he will deserve highly of all mankind.

Paralysis Serum

THE VARIOUS fronts on which the new deal administration is proceeding to attack the problem of unemployment are no less novel than they are numerous. The recently formed public works of art project under the Civil Works Administration is one of the latest and most amazing not only from a humanitarian but also from an esthetic point of view. The inutilitarian arts, so called, have naturally been among the first things to be passed up by the wealthy or near-wealthy who suffered such severe diminutions in income after 1929, and artists, by common report, have had a desperate time to keep from passing out as a result. Now sixteen art districts with committees and headquarters in each district have been set up to recommend and carry out decorative projects on public buildings. The plan, of course, will be fraught with problems, difficulties and, no doubt, disputes. We have lately spoken from our hearts about the misanthropy and aridity that distinguishes so much of our native secular art, and we hope that this trend, sometimes dubiously distinguished as "modern," will not characterize these works supposedly done for the public as well as the artists. Perhaps the latter with a few regular meals in prospect will see something in the American scene other than "jazzmania," unflattering likenesses of subway crowds already sad enough, barren-looking farms and distorted women. If they appreciate the possibilities, they will be creative in the best sense.

The Public Art Project

THE CATHOLIC OUTLOOK

ECONOMICS, of course. The forces and trends summed up in that term do to a great extent fashion the stature of a given time or society. This is after all the curse laid upon mankind —not the doing something, the working at something, but the permanent disaster of the struggle for bread and shelter. Even so, it is true that the contour of the world is determined first of all by the structure of its religions. Or rather, it is religion which constitutes the structure of society, all other things being the atoms or electrons, as it were, of human social actuality.

All this has never been clearer than now. During the centuries preceding, the relative waning of religion accompanied the gradual liberalistic break-up of older social forms. Men then lived in a sceptical mood, distrusting all inner forces which bound human beings together according to patterns. It was believed that economic and educational activity, indulged in for their own sakes, could produce out of the dialectic of success and failure a code of conduct in accord with "nature." Marx interpreted this dynamic as class-struggle; numerous business men took it to mean the elimination of dishonesty and waste as the effect of the operation of economic law. We have now seen that such philosophies are utterly disproved. The world is seeking new social forms, and is instinctively turning to religion. Communism is such a faith; Fascism is another. The power of Gandhi or of Zionism is essentially the strength of a religious belief. You cannot even tentatively diagnose modern life without realizing that it is first of all a quest for the desired forms of faith.

What under these conditions is the situation and rôle of the Catholic Church? We who believe in it not merely for the sake of our individual souls but also because we trust to it for the form of human life cannot put that query too often or too seriously. Even if the Pope had not specifically so declared, signs in number would indicate that in this age Catholicism must again rely upon a priesthood of the laity. Here is not meant any of numerous absurd sentimentalities such as this: the apologetic work of the Church must be carried on by laymen, since the clergy has failed or can no longer reach the people. This is tall talk—empty, vicious, dangerous and puerile. What we mean is that in our time, if the Church is to realize its mission as the structure-forming nucleus of society,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the faith of the layman must be free and active, rather than merely accepted and learned by rote. And the first prerequisite to its becoming so is understanding all along the line that the range of the layman's activity is worlds removed from what it used to be. The citizen of our time is a trafficker in all kinds of spiritual and intellectual merchandise. He can, for instance, no longer come to church on Sunday in the manner of yore when the illiterate went to hear the sole trained person in the community. Or again, important as the Sunday observance is, it no longer lies like a blessing over the whole week where households are steeped in daily converse having no bearing on the spiritual life.

The fundamental problem, therefore, is this: how shall the layman *know* what the Church wishes him to *be* in this modern world? The answer is most certainly not that he is supposed to come out in favor of the unlimited coinage of silver, of an unbalanced budget, or even of the American Federation of Labor. Such things may be desirable in themselves, or they may not be. But obviously none of them has anything whatever to do with the Church. Even the advocacy in the name of Christian social ethics of specific policies which seem to hold out benefits for the poor is presumptuous and fallacious. For all such matters are part of our wrestling with the perennial curse of the struggle for bread and shelter. The Church—such is the tragedy of the fall of man—cannot free us of that wrestling by telling us how to wrestle. It cannot tell us how to stay on the gold standard or to go off the gold standard, any more than it could have told Columbus in 1490 to look for yellow nuggets in California.

Having thus disposed of what is manifestly incorrect, can we proceed to find the right answer? Quite humbly one thinks this less difficult than is often supposed. It is, however, first of all necessary to define what the Church is, and proceed to draw from this definition pertinent conclusions. Now the being of the Chuch is objective, and so real—as real as the vegetable kingdom, or the waters of the Amazon River. It is not "what we believe in," but "what is there for us to believe." No thought of ours, no system of philosophy or of science, can influence in the slightest way that which is Catholic. Of course we may form wrong impressions of it, just as we might estimate that the water in a given part of the Amazon was three feet deep and so drown in eight. But the Church "is" utterly in spite of us. We can see it, hear it, feel it (in the sense of *sentire cum Ecclesia*), but we can never entirely realize or comprehend it. The theological libraries of the world put together do not constitute an exhaustive definition of the Catholic Church. We merely know some things about it, and what is vastly more important we know that it *is*.

On the other hand, the Church is also human, and life with it is dependent upon the manifold subjectivity of the individual. Just as light waves, the rhythm of sound or the outline of mountain peaks exact of man cooperation, often in practise very different from that of his fellows, so also is the approach to the Faith colored by everything that is limited, special, personal in men. One age seems also to foster a different apprehension of religious realities than another—which is not surprising, when one observes how varied are the conceptions of man himself which have flourished in the past. Broadly speaking, the consequences of this subjectivity are inevitable deformations. While the human soul can often make of nature something more than it is (so that there is truth in Wilde's remark that the modern cow is a copy of a painting), every attempt to modify or change the Divine reality present in the Church is a mistake, a weakening, a coarsening. Therefore nothing could be more hazardous than too hasty promulgation of a "Catholic principle" or "Catholic point of view." We must be very humble in the presence of any reality, even the reality of ourselves. What, then, should be our attitude in the august nearness of That which our clumsy minds darken so that often in good faith we utter monstrous blasphemies!

Consequently—to return to our query—we must know first of all that the Church expects of us to be silent and passive when we enter into contact with the reality which she is. But this silence and this passivity are to find expression in knowledge and love. It is not what we think that counts but That about Which we think; it is not our loving which matters, but That Which we love. And because this is our discipline, it is also the secret of our liberation. Once one has accepted with mind and heart the objectivity of God in the Church, the relativity of everything human follows as a matter of course. We have a great many interesting things to do, to think about, to discuss, but none of them is really of the first importance for us who have understood the primacy of the mystery of faith. A book may or may not be clever; a presidential measure may or may not be wise; a banker may or may not be honest. Heaven sends us no answer to these riddles, and may well be amused by the fuss we make about them.

But part of the reality of God in the Church is His word—larger, deeper and more difficult to fathom than the sea in which all stars swim. This word it is which must change our passiveness into action, not in the sense that we must hasten to make all sorts of headlong deductions from it but rather in the sense that we gradually seek to be what we have been told to be. And what, from the specific point of view of our own age, have we been told to be? A partial reply will be attempted in this place during coming weeks.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STATIONS IN JUDEA

By CUTHBERT WRIGHT

IT WAS very early in the morning, eight days before Easter, when we disembarked at Beirut on the Syrian coast. From shipboard, the city and the grey harbor looked pallid and melancholy—a slightly rising mass of reddish roofs over the ashen water, with hardly a minaret, hardly a spire in sight. Only the coast-line, dotted with scores of little pastoral villages, extended in a glorious littoral, capped by mountains where the snow still lay in crannies and the cold clouds came down to mix with it.

The balcony of the hotel looked down upon an unsightly but very interesting square, feverish with the agitations made by a sea of red fezzes, dark faces, the pale blue uniforms of French soldiers, the black chignons of Greek popes, the variegated noise of camions, army mules and the invaluable progeny of Mr. Henry Ford. Beirut was all fever and raffish intensity, thanks to the presence of a native enemy only fifty kilometers away, reminding me of the little town of Vignot in French Lorraine the Sunday when my regiment relieved the 104th Infantry, some fifteen years ago.

That afternoon we went to Vespers in the principal Latin church of the town. It had pale, coffee-colored walls and rounded arches, painted black-and-tan like stick-candy, under windows with square panes of glass, red, green, purple and yellow. Over the high altar was a rose window representing Saint Louis, *Roi de France*, regarding the Crown of Thorns, which he had transported from this Holy Land. The wheezings of the harmonica did not enhance the singing of Fortunatus's beautiful hymn, "The Royal Banners Forward Go."

Outside, the post-prandial atmosphere of a rather cheap suburban town brooded over the waterfront where the little Syrian Christians played something remarkably like baseball, and many a Levantine 'Arry and 'Arriet strolled on the cinder-streaked paths. Only the coast-line extending mysterious and pure and turning its noble shoulder on the dullness of this oriental Shepherd's Bush, reminded us that we were in the country of the prophets and kings, of Samson and David, the land of Christ.

Finally we shook ourselves free of the dusty town and came out by a little garden full of cherry-blossom, over a small river that ran cleanly and joyous between pebbled banks, crowned by eucalyptus. Again the splendid mountain-barrier rose in the distance, now flushed rose-red, where the villages glittered like snow and the snow like diamonds. Above, a perfect arc of rainbow came down from heaven on either side, and turned the hard outlines of the hills into translucencies of color, green and rosy waters of mirage. So we sat down before this evening vision, so evocative, so evanescent, and smoked one cigarette after another, while the mountains became more and more dream-like, and the sea a deeper rose, on the anniversary of the day when Jesus rode into Jerusalem—whither we were bound—and wept over the city and the world. . . .

Nazareth is a steep little town, set in a delicious landscape—a true land of flowers, scented with cool airs and the odor of fresh fields, mingled with something aromatic, as it were, religious, the natural incense of a spring day in an Eastern country. Even the hills lost their normally hard and rather cruel aspect, and sank away, row on row, to the horizon, soft swelling and as if powdered with a violet mist. The plain of Esdraelon where the Jews prophesied Armageddon was a sea of red anemones and yellow daisies. Here where Joseph had labored in his carpenter shop for Mary and Jesus, women and boys worked at hard labor, breaking stones on the horrible road, or else slept in the shadow of the orange-groves. In an orchard, three women in draperies of a vaporous blue, and bearing reddish pitchers on their heads, mounted through the green light, and behind them, a fourth, in a kind of poppy-colored robe, wandered dreamily. It was like being in a dream oneself. The strange contrasts of this land of heat and vital color, of feverish animation and profound repose, work into one's blood. Nowhere else is the undying past so embalmed in its essential beauty . . .

Jaffa lies like a scimitar half encircling the green, choppy harbor. Compared to Cairo, for example, where the East wears its brilliant rags with so theatrical an air, they are almost lovable, those odd oriental back-areas and vegetable gardens, dyed so richly green, with the sweet spire of the Protestant church rising in the distance over the occidental pines. The landscape seemed candid and good, tranquil and frank. It never intruded itself, but gave itself for what it was worth, without attitude or noise. And the Arab natives of Palestine, whether Christian or Moslem, seem truly admirable after the modern Egyptian. No repulsive parade of sores and blinded eyes here, no noisy guides, no trash-sellers waiting for tourists. Boys, with skins the color of *café-au-lait* and beautiful eyes, looked at one gravely and amiably from the tops of camels or wagons, loaded with lemons. Little girls with virginal, sweet faces, half swathed in brilliant shawls, passed.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The old town was like a rookery, built high of pink clay and yellow stone, reached by narrow steps suggesting the mailed and crenelated period of the Crusaders. Discordant with the medieval aspect are two frightful Levantine hotels, ornamented with Bible texts and plush antimacassars.

That evening we went to a cinema, one of the strangest sights ever experienced. Only about two dozen persons were assembled in the wooden structure, at least a dozen of whom were Arab boys, sleeping profoundly on the benches during the *drame passionel* of the occasion. But when the latter ended and the magic name of "Charlot," our Mr. Chaplin, was flashed on the screen, the atmosphere altered instantaneously. A small boy went about waking up his slumbering comrades; one youth in front of me, who seemed forever dead to the world, was prodded into consciousness by repeated cries of "Hassan!", and when the great man ambled inimitably on the screen, a cry of irresistible joy broke from some twenty brown throats. One came out into the starlit, orange-scented dark, marveling at this importation of the high-priest of low American comedy into the country of the Patriarchs . . .

A Tomb and a hill! The first announcing the second, the second containing the first, the everlasting Christian paradox and synthesis; death and Ascension. Mount Calvary is a low hill of hardly perceptible ascent, now in the center of the modern city, crowded with churches and houses, culminating in a great, grey Romanesque church. Hard by, on the same plateau, is the jewel-like Mosque of Omar, a thing of plated gold and precious stones, its dome of eggshell blue floating overhead, streaked with dark lines like the wing of a pigeon or the petals of a flower.

One was constrained to remember Islam that Holy Week, in Jerusalem. That morning the British Governor in Occupation had received a kind of ultimatum from Mohammed Feysal, erstwhile ally (one must read Colonel Lawrence for the rights and wrongs of that singular transaction) and then pretender to the throne of Arabia.

"Long live Feysal, our Lover and our Hope, may Arabia live forever!" was the cry. As for the English in charge, they behaved characteristically that week, just as if they were not outnumbered by their victims five to one. On the afternoon of Good Friday, a monster Moslem procession to the Tomb of Moses, in reality a political demonstration, was to take place, and travelers were forbidden to cross the hill country between Jerusalem and Jericho without an escort of motor lorries, armed with inappropriate Tommies.

That afternoon we took horses to Bethlehem, about five miles away from David's Capital. It is a pleasant and peaceful little town, built on a rocky hill, then watched by a small garrison of English who guard the birthplace of Christ with fixed bayonets. They have built a plain, noble church over the original cave or stable, shared by all the sects, and the smallest Arab guide I ever saw took us through its cavernous interior. He instructed us in the number of candles traditionally permitted to be burned on the altar by the various churches. "Six for the Latins, six for the Greeks, and four for the Armenians," he piped.

We rode back to the city in the gathering dusk, past the camp-fires of Hindu mercenaries, singing in the twilight, where a thin mist clung to the pastoral spaces, and a large, honey-colored, paschal moon stood over the Valley of Josaphat.

Late that night, alone, I climbed the Mount of Olives. The lower road was bright with carriages, and gay like a house-party with British officers and their women-folk, returning from a little promenade in the Garden of Gethsemene. Presently, as I climbed, all sounds died away, save the barking of a watch-dog at the Russian monastery on the summit, and the answer of some jackal from across the valley. It was a hard road, full of rough stones, and oppressive with the smell of excrement, and the presence of the vast fields of tombs on either side, sleeping in the cold moonlight. Finally the top was reached: a plain of rubble and rough grasses, with the valley and the city in front; here and there a dim lamp burning; and behind, line on line of violet hill, and the Dead Sea far away to the east, ghostly as a mist.

Nothing can describe the infinite desolation of that moonlit plain, burdened with a sense of the ultimate, and forever finished, the detritus of centuries. All the visible world appeared to be asleep: the monks in their monasteries, the tourists in their hotels, the soldiers in their camps, the Arabs by the embers of their fires, dreaming of Feysal and freedom. The words from the Gospel came to my mind: "Could you not watch one hour with Me?" How many times has one heard those words, repeated mechanically at some Holy Hour, at some Three Hours' Devotion? How many times and how passionately has one longed to be transported for just one night, or only one hour, as He said, to the place where He agonized alone in His betrayal by all mankind? One remembers Pascal's saying that Christ shall be in agony through the centuries. But with the habits of years, the demands of the senses even then override the spiritual. . . . And so one returns to his comfortable hotel, as I did that night, and the rest is but silence and shadow, like the silence and shadow brooding over the sleeping city. . . .

On Easter morning, there was a sanguinary riot between Jews and Arabs, easily suppressed by the Anglo-Saxon conqueror. The Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem sang high Mass in the Church of the Sepulcher, and the deacon chanted the Last Gospel over the Tomb of Our Lord.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SEEING OR BELIEVING?

By WILLIAM MICHAEL DUCEY

During several years, no spiritual phenomena have attracted more attention than the sufferings and visions of Theresa Neumann, German peasant girl of Konnersreuth. It cannot be said that theologians and observers are in agreement concerning the nature and purport of these experiences. We think, however, that the following paper by an American Benedictine now studying abroad will give a fairly representative idea of the conclusions to which nearly all visitors to the little Bavarian town arrive.—The Editors.

WHETHER or not Konnersreuth has a message and a meaning for the modern world, I do not know. Theresa Neumann and her visions, the marvelous phenomena that surround the smallest details of her life, are still being talked and thought about by important people, and books are being written, but nothing seems to come of it. Ecclesiastical authority continues to maintain quite naturally a dignified reserve, for it is not yet morally certain that the girl is not the victim of some new species of hallucination, some rare hysteria; and on the other hand, if she be as genuinely holy as the manifestations seem to indicate, her case must needs wait upon the customary process of beatification, which of course is not to be thought of now.

All of which would seem to postulate a policy of discreet silence on the part of an ordinary, non-partizan visitor like myself. True, I was at last able to see T'resel, as her neighbors affectionately call her, and to witness some at least of those astounding transports of hers, that have so set the world talking.

Armed with a letter of introduction to the Neumann family, which I obtained (not without some trouble) from the episcopal *Sekretariat* at Regensberg I arrived at last at Konnersreuth after a fatiguing trip by car of nearly four hours, over bumpy roads most of the time, and through the dreariest country imaginable. In due course I had accomplished the objective of every Konnersreuth pilgrim: seeing the visionary in what may be called her ordinary state, and then in one of her mystic ecstasies.

I saw her walking vigorously to church on Sunday morning, and during Mass, praying in her special place behind the high altar, and afterward, holding animated coversation in the sacristy with her pastor; and then I witnessed that strange transformation that takes place each Friday morning, when from nine to twelve she lies in bed stricken and suffering, obviously transported into the realm of events connected with the death of Christ upon the Cross, and totally oblivious to all else.

It is most remarkable, and certainly deeply moving; yet what is to be said beyond just that? The scientists seem unable to agree, the Church has not chosen to pronounce: what remains for an observer to record, who is both non-scientist and non-official?

Well, there are his impressions; and while sentimentally I don't suppose mine differed much from the hundred and one others that have been recorded in print, they easily may have from another point of view. After my nerves and my imagination had recovered from the impact of that terrifically realistic and bloody Passion scene which Theresa seems to reenact, this thought kept recurring to my mind: Why, there is nothing fundamentally remarkable in this at all! For what is it but the portrayal of that same scene and those same events which Catholic Liturgy daily is bringing into action all over the world? What is it but the apparent renewal, though in a manner we are not accustomed to, of that historical act which since the institution of the Eucharist has known the limits of neither time nor space in its miraculous permanency and extension? No doubt, at Konnersreuth our senses are appealed to primarily, whereas in Liturgy, only secondarily, and as if in passing. We see only with the eye of faith, but neither less surely nor less adequately: our retina may play us tricks, but never God's Holy Word!

But to continue. As already observed, the phenomena themselves are certainly calculated to impress even the most callous onlooker. Theresa's "Friday Sufferings" purport to be a reproduction of the Gospel details of Our Lord's Passion, in which her face and gestures reflect with startling fidelity and dramatic force each phase of that great event, and her tears depict the depth and sincerity of her emotions—for they are tears of blood, running in two ghastly furrows down her cheeks.

From the Agony in the Garden to the death on Calvary, every detail of the act of Redemption seems to live again, be acted again in the pliant features of this untutored maid. It is like witnessing another Passion Play, with all the characters being played by a single person, who performs with a consummate skill that would put to shame many a dramatic artist. In fact, several of the episodes are so powerfully realistic that at the very least, one would have to admit their approximation to the greatest masterpieces of dramatic portrayal.

Such instances are the childlike tender sym-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pathy with which T'resel contemplates the meeting of Mother and Son, or the horror with which she listens to the blasphemies hurled at the Master by the rabble and the Bad Thief . . the wry grimace of disgust as she sees Him being given gall to drink . . . and always, that gaze of indescribable tenderness as she looks up at the Figure hanging there, her own stigmatized hands outstretched and fixed as if pinioned too by nails . . . and at long last, the grand awesome climax of the death, when one sees the final plucking fingers, hears the death-rattle in her throat, sees her fall back upon her pillows the very picture of dissolution, body rigid, cheeks blanched and sunken, mouth opened and motionless and not the slightest indication of life.

Yes, it is all profoundly moving, especially when it is recalled that tomorrow, or by Sunday at least, Theresa will be up again and about her business as if nothing had happened, going to church, tending her garden (the very finest in the village, incidentally), and otherwise conducting herself (as far as curious people will allow her to do so) just as any pious Bavarian peasant girl should.

Add to that, the other tremendous fact, attested by plenty of sane and reliable people, viz., her complete abstinence from food and drink for over five years, Holy Communion being her only nourishment, and one is faced indeed with a conundrum of staggering proportions.

But again, is it such a conundrum, when ranged alongside the marvels wrought in Liturgy? Theresa's "seeing" of the Passion, for example, can at best be only the faintest shadow of the Mass, and her apparent subsistence entirely upon the Bread of Angels, only a hint, a feeble suggestion, of what that Food can bring to souls in the way of nourishment and life.

That sensational portrayal, through her, of the harrowing bloody details of Calvary impinges upon the senses of the observer with greater force than does liturgical ceremonial, and yet the latter enshrines a far greater (and certainly far less disputable) reality: the eternal, unbloody Sacrifice whose objective truth and intrinsic value are the light and strength of all who believe.

Perhaps in this strange contrast, in this dim shadowing of a resplendent reality, may lie the meaning and the message of Konnersreuth for the believers of today. Perhaps it is just a reemphasis, for the benefit of a sensation-loving, incredulous generation, of that same theme the Master taught when He showed His pierced Hands so reluctantly to a doubting disciple.

Yet, it is better for us to see and touch Him now through the medium of sign and symbol, "through a glass in a dark manner," according to Saint Paul, that our weak intellects be not confounded by the blinding vision of His glorified Humanity, by the shimmering beauty of His greatest work, the Redemption eternally renewed. And after all, nothing less than His everlasting kingdom is reserved for the humble and the poor in spirit, for those, that is, who are satisfied to believe albeit they do not see.

AND NOW, WHAT?

By HELEN H. HIELSCHER

THE HOUSE OF PROHIBITION, builded in faith and trust—faith in the American people to adjust themselves to anything, and trust in the strong arm of the law—has fallen. The flag of the nation no longer flutters over it, and the states, one by one are filing out of its doors. Well, "that's that." It was a great dream and in many respects a noble one.

The story begins when a fairly temperate people went on a grand spree, drunk with the notion that law, an instrument for protection against crime, could be turned to the enforcement of virtue. We must have been very drunk when we supposed that virtue could be enforced at all. Our plan was simple. We did not attempt to change the nature of law, but with a plenipotentiary power that seemed godlike, we made prohibition a virtue, and all acts connected with the production, sale or possession of alcohol a crime.

It did not work, strange as it may appear, and now there is nothing left but the headache, and what a headache!

Customs and good manners formerly an aid in protecting the young have withdrawn from the field. Temperance Societies, which were a bulwark during the age of unreason, the late teens and the early twenties, are sunk without a trace, and public opinion as usual waits to see what the newspapers will say about the situation before expressing itself.

Our old methods of combating intemperance are as out of date as a cowbell on Wall Street. The "Demon Rum" can no longer be fought with "ten nights in a barroom" stuff. The temperance orator no more can sway the multitude with his bedtime stories of conversion; and the "pledge" which we so gaily set aside when alcohol became outlawed, and it was up to the government to keep us sober, will hardly blossom now in a second spring.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We are really no nearer, perhaps not so near, our arid goal as on the day that the government pronounced its great "thou shalt not," and the people proceeded to give it the "ha, ha." Prohibition has provoked the breaking of more laws than it was ever intended to enforce. "Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant."

This period which might very well be called another "strange interlude" is past, without leaving us any useful weapons with which to carry on. We have the old enemy, intemperance, with us still. In the face of Christian teaching we cannot well retreat, and it is beneath our dignity as rational creatures to confess failure because of the defeat of a movement that was not built on reason in the first place. No law that asks permanent personal sacrifice on the part of the majority for the benefit of the minority, is likely to endure, especially in a country like ours where the laws are made by the people. Saint Paul, I believe, was willing to forego the pleasures of the palate rather than scandalize the brethren, but Saint Paul was quite exceptional.

Out of the present darkness there emerges a light however. It comes from an unexpected source—the science of dietetics. The people of today are acquiring a good general knowledge of food principles and the purpose of eating and drinking. As a result, great feasts are disappearing from the list of entertainments, or becoming more restricted.

The taking of food at all is a confession of our relation to the animal world, a relation that must be endured until the spirit is freed from the flesh, but not an act to be exulted in. Overfed men or women have no longer an idea that their weight entitles them to consideration. The glutton is again relegated to his place in the early days of Christianity, when gluttony was listed with the seven deadly sins. The Christians probably had in their minds the old Romans, who made eating and drinking one of their chief delights, and who valued the pleasures of the palate so highly that they would resort to an emetic rather than forego an intriguing dish for which they had no longer room. Christianity had a strange flair for what was good for people, even before science made its many revelations.

Fashion also is a powerful ally to dietetics. People value a slim, graceful figure more than health, and will sacrifice more to attain it. A fear of the pendulous abdomen and the double chin of the daily drinker of large quantities of beer is more potent with the people of today than are miles of eloquent oratory, and hard liquor is too closely associated with gastritis, nephritis, enlarged liver, and other ills, to be looked on as a harmless drink.

While there is comfort in this thought, let us not forget that alcohol has still hosts of friends. Beer is a cheap and harmless drink, if not indulged in to excess, while hard liquors, especially the more expensive variety, have been raised to a dignity that in no sense belongs to them. They have attained to this high place through a make-believe, a thing that has always been dear to the human heart, as witness the old dandy described in Horace (or was it Juvenal?) reclining on a couch with a toothpick delicately poised in his fingers, as if he were in the act of picking his teeth, to put over the idea that he had any teeth to pick.

The victims of indulgence in alcohol have a special reason for this resorting to make-believe. They do not wish it to be known that it is their own moral cowardice that forces them to take this "escape" from the more difficult experiences of life, whether it is the bashfulness of youth, the nagging of their mate, their business difficulties, or the ennui that comes from having everything that life can give us without effort. Alcohol is the kindly trollop in whose arms they can find shelter, without being troubled with questions or advice.

They know their own secret, but for a make-believe they dress it up in the silk and jewels of imagination. They give it attributes that they know well it does not possess. It is the god that pours courage into their veins, and illuminates their minds and gives them eloquence. They even give it the name of "stimulant."

Along comes physiology, cool and sober as the sciences are wont to be, and strips off all these trappings. Alcohol overindulged in is just a plain ordinary vice, and a plain ordinary drug when used medicinally. The high spirits of the first stage of alcoholism are due to its paralyzing effects on the centers of judgment, decency, and discretion, in the brain. This rather takes the romance out of it.

In the crusade against intemperance the Church has not declared and cannot declare an armistice. It is still gluttony and gluttony is still one of the deadly sins. The laity who waited on the law, through the mournful experiment of prohibition, must again take up arms, but in a new formation. The struggle is no longer so much against alcohol, as for the development of the moral strength of the individual—a strength that will meet life manfully instead of seeking escape as does a trapped animal.

If there is help for the drunkard or the potential drunkard it is in calling out that reserve force that is in everyone of us hidden away for desperate straits, the "iron rations" of the soul's need. Perhaps that thing of which God Himself spoke, when He said, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BARNYARDIA

By CHARLES MORROW WILSON

DURING the past two or three years, there have been reams and tons of writing pointing out advantages of one sort or another, in going back to the land and the homely agrarian life. A farmer myself, one born and raised to the trade, I beg to point out another advantage which has thus far been overlooked, the advantage of a barnyard.

Barnyardia is a world and a society of itself, in all about as completely human an institution as I know. For there are few if any mortal traits which do not have barnyard counterparts. A well-populated barnyard reflects the hopes and aspirations, the nobility, the fallings and failings of mortal man. It has drama and mystery, comedy and tragedy, heroes and villains, Pucks and Hooligans, ne'er-do-wells and substantial citizens.

In telling of my own barnyard, it might be well to follow the methods of Caesar and tell first about my vigilantes.

My watch-dog Whisky is the epitome of abused confidence. I named him Whisky because he is a natural-born leveler. Whisky feels mellow and affectionate toward everything and everybody, and his habitual pace is a sort of saloon-door lurch. The man I got him from told me that Whisky was half Walker 'coon hound, but a majority bench-legged fyste. Anyway, Whisky soon developed black, brown and speckled markings and several feet of superflous skin.

He is remarkably free of wickedness, but I feel somehow that his innocence is more a result of bleariness than of true virtue. As an observer of human nature, Whisky is notable for being always wrong. When desirable or respectable citizens call, such as sheriffs, undertakers, doctors and church census-takers, he is timidly respectful but stand-offish. But with perfectly disreputable characters, such as tramps, chicken thieves, bill collectors or relatives, he offers a mellow welcome, and leads the way triumphantly to the front door, or hen roost, or vegetable garden, making them know that they are as welcome as the wealthy uncle from Texas. I have spoken to Whisky about this. I have pleaded, remonstrated and cussed, but Whisky can never understand. He adores whatever is knavish and disreputable. And Whisky likes me so very much that nothing but death could part us.

Speaking of impossible dispositions, there are Pyramus and Thisbe, my two geese, who joined talents to become the foremost irk of the poultry lot. To look at them casually you would never suspect them of having talents. But they proved they had at feeding-time. The chickens would be bunched together, peacefully waiting mess call. Pyramus and Thisbe would stand apart and gawp, and make insinuating gestures. Then Pyramus would look toward Thisbe as if to say, "We are geese," and Thisbe would arch her neck as if to answer, "To be sure, we are geese." Then they would wave their heads and hiss, and lunge forward through the congregation of chickens, beating their wings and honking, while the chickens squawked and squalled and scampered for shelter, shedding feathers and dignity.

Finally Thisbe was a casualty in an invasion by a stray dog. Pyramus paled and drooped and lost his appetite for food and for scaring the chickens. Within a month he died. I am not a physician of geese, but I am willing to bet my hat, bought new in 1928, that Pyramus died of a broken heart. Whatever else may be said of them, I am satisfied that Pyramus and Thisbe were completely sincere in their limited conviction. George isn't.

George is my red rooster. At first sight you will agree that George is the most stuck-up creature you ever laid eyes on. He is so beautiful and superior. When Whisky goes to the chicken yard for a drink, George always roars warning, all the while keeping as far from the cause thereof as any of the hens. And whenever I go into the barnyard at an odd hour, he begins an unholy uproar just as if he had finally located the arch enemy of all chicken kind.

With his womenfolks, George is a complete fourflusher. Sometimes he leads a delegation of hens to a neighbor's garden, and when the fusilage of rocks begins, George tears homeward like a Kansas tornado headed for a hay barn, leaving his family to stand the strafing. He poses outrageously with bugs and worms. When he locates one he clucks—loud and important—and hens flock about him like shy country damsels surrounding the singing master. George exhibits his catch, then swallows it, all at a gulp, and strolls away with his self-importance perfectly intact.

Passing to plainer and more lovable hooligans, there are Jupiter and Bill. I always think of them together because they usually are. Jupiter is a yearling steer and Bill is a sorrel bronco. Bill came with the farm, and I got Jupiter when he was a starry-eyed calf, trading for him two slightly used horse collars and a collegiate dictionary, both of which I miss badly.

In early life, Bill and Jupiter devised a game together, and they have spent much of the remainder of their lives playing it. Bill enters from

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the pasture at a break-neck gallop and, sighting Jupiter, charges upon him with glaring teeth and lowered head. Jupiter braces himself and stands firm as a rock, head set sideways, right-hand horn raised for action. Arrived within a few feet, Bill slides to a halt and all at once his posture changes from one of fierce combat to sentimental friendship. Jupiter turns amiable, too, and Bill begins licking his head. Jupiter closes his eyes and softens in mellow warmth. Then Bill champs down with all his might upon the hairy ridge between Jupiter's horns, and Jupiter wakes to do his best toward smacking a horn into Bill's jaw. Then they stroll away and munch grass, sublimely satisfied.

I should like very much to tell you about my hogs, particularly about Sausage. I list hogs among the most happy-living and genuinely interesting members of any barnyard.

Sausage came to me as a two-pound daughter of a temporarily cannibal mother. Three other pigs of the litter had been eaten, but Sausage had escaped into the fog of a winter's day. I rescued her, and I had barely gotten her home when I began to appreciate the profound likeness of men and swine. I say this in all charity toward both species, for a baby pig is a wondrous creature, with its newly opened eyes that are glistening and intensely blue, its pink ears and rubber-red snout, its silky hair, its tight-fitting skin, and thimble-sized hoofs that look like polished onyx.

You probably recall the baby in "Alice in Wonderland" who turned into a pig. Well, I was continually expecting Sausage to turn into a baby. It was winter time, and I found out right away that young pigs must be kept warm, and fed regularly, and, alas, be entertained. I wrapped Sausage in the remains of a flannel dress that I myself had worn a quarter-of-a-century before, rigged up a feeding bottle, and laid her in a soft bed next the fireplace. For the first few days, she basked in her flannels and slept. Then all at once she came into an age of social graces. She wanted company, and amusement. She frolicked and capered and showed special fondness for tinsels and bucket lids. Bright wonderment shone in her baby blue eyes. Sausage was beautiful, and she knew it. Within another week she began trailing me about the house, and finally about the barn, like a pup. She made overtures at friendly play with Whisky and the cats. She learned to go oommmpp, ooommmp, as she galloped. When I rubbed her tender bristles, she gazed at the ceiling sideways, and grunted in mellow soprano. She began to eat more and sleep less.

Inside a month, I realized that Sausage was plainly becoming a hog. When I took her to the barnlot, she showed it even plainer. She frolicked and ooommmppped among the chickens. She slept in mud and rooted for grubs. She learned to station herself at the lower end of the feeding trough, and to destroy ears of corn with the speed of lightning. Food claimed more and more of her thought. Like my pet katydid, Mozelle, she chose to spend most of her conscious hours eating. But she remained at heart a pet and a comrade. She would still hoist her head slantwise to the equator and beseech that I stroke her tender bristles.

Years have gone. Now her children and grandchildren populate a village of sheds and ten acres of alfalfa range. Sausage is greying, but when man is about, she leaves the herd to become the same convivial show-off.

Any mention of barnyard motherhood, leads straight to my cat, Mercy Picklesimon. Call me what you like, I still insist that the happiest and most wholesome home for cats is in the barnlot, convenient to the hayloft and milking shed. Mercy feels the same way about it.

Unless I am all wrong again, it was the French playwright, Dodet, who said, "Besides cats I love nothing." Anyway, those are Mercy Picklesimon's sentiments to a T, and she proves it by a never-failing determination to build up the cat census at a rate of three litters a year.

I found Mercy in a briar patch with a broken leg. She is not beautiful. She is dull grey and so very cross-eyed that to look at her steadily gives one the impression of being somewhere he isn't. But her private life promotes a never-ending army of half-brothers and half-sisters, who are, I am sorry to report, as worthless a band as ever lapped milk from a family pie-pan, good for nothing but to scuffle and frolic, eat and sleep. But Mercy can't be discouraged.

And in spite of the little ones, Mercy still finds time to toady to her older sons. From time to time I see her lapping their ears and faces. Only yesterday I saw her shed domestic cares, five kittens with eyes not yet open, rise up from her maternal bed and catch a rabbit which she presented to her coal-black son, Roderick Dhu. Roderick accepted the token and struck out for privacy. Then Abner, another son, interrupted. So the brothers fought and the gift ran away. Mercy recaught the rabbit and gave it back to Roderick, who ambled away and ate it all alone. Among all her legions of cats, Roderick appears to have stayed his mother's most cherished son. She is always carrying him about by the nape of the neck, always striving to expose him to culture and progress, items which Roderick seems to list as so much hogwash.

Mercy appears to like music. One night, while listening to a radio orchestra, I heard a scratching at the door. When I opened it, in walked Mercy, lugging Roderick, whom she had unquestionably brought along for the cultural advantages. But as a music-lover Roderick was a flat tire and a washout. He capered with his mother's ears and tail so outrageously, that she finally lost her temper and smacked him, and carried him outdoors

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

again. Later, I saw Roderick watching an airplane fly over. His bristles were raised, and his whiskers quivered gently at the prospect of so large and luscious a bird. That was Roderick, all over.

Along with Sausage, the eternal coquette, and Mercy, model mother of the old-fashioned school, comes Xantippe, the ultra-modern mother and aviatrix of my barnyard. Xantippe is a duck, without any particular family tree. Look at her and you will agree that she is a great deal like any one of a million other ducks. She is rather comical looking. Putty would be the only real medium for reproducing her likeness. Her legs are absurdly short, and set absurdly far back on her running gear. Her eyes are round and shiny, and her head is perfectly adjusted for being turned sideways to gaze at the sun.

At hatching time, Xantippe was a masterpiece in golden fuzz and waddling babyhood. Then the fuzz gave way to pin feathers and outrageous ugliness. But the feathers grew, and so did Xantippe until she came to be as maidenly a duck as you could care to see. With autumn, her attention turned to egg-laying and aviation. She learned to fly high and well. At early morning she would fly forth from the barnlot and light on the highest gable of the house, where she would chitter and gawp. Then she would descend, lay an egg on the front walk, and stroll away for a session of grasshopper-hunting.

It was at least six more months before she showed the faintest intimation of home-making. But when the idea did strike, it came with a crash. She missed her meals for three days while she built a nest in a grove of huckleberry bushes. Then she came back to the barnyard, hissing and clucking, and having eaten, went back to her hideout. Within six weeks, Xantippe was home with offspring. Sixteen eggs had resulted in fourteen ducks. As the delegation waddled in, Xantippe eyed me with a sparkling delight that comes of true accomplishment. Within another week her family had learned to march single file, to swim, and to nip young grass. Within another week I watched Xantippe conducting a flying drill. She would cluck, flap her wings and waddle forward. The brood would follow, running as fast as stubby legs could carry them, flapping tiny embryos of wings, beady eyes sparkling like black diamonds.

But motherhood brought Xantippe clearly defined notions of increasing importance. She chased away all fowls who would interfere with her family life, particularly the gawpy, adolescent ducks who ventured too close. With such splendid and vigorous motherly support, her offspring took the cue, and so, within a surprisingly short time, you might see one of Xantippe's ducklings, half the size of your fist, take after a shy adolescent duck twenty times as big, and chase the timid member half across the lot. It was like Japan against China.

Xantippe wasn't content simply to raise up a brood and forget. When her offspring came to duckhood, she stayed with them as a guiding spirit and kept them as a clan of her own. When winter came, she led them out in search of new pastures and homestead. I'll always relish her choice of a home. She picked an old-fashioned cupolaed and much-decorated bandstand, which in her beady-eyed estimation must have been the most completely beautiful edifice in all the world. Anyway, she took the bandstand for a winter roost, and you should have heard what those band boys said when they came to play the season's first concert.

My dog Dan'l was originally the director of my barnyard. I was always ashamed of Dan'l, and he seemed to be pretty much ashamed of me. Dan'l weighed exactly one pound when I got him, and the first conscious act of his career was to bite a magazine editor. With that start he bit at many trades and callings. He had beautiful brown eyes that bespoke a perpetually sour verdict. In his next life, I believe that he will be a book reviewer.

Dan'l was salmon pink and curly haired. His head was fox-like, and his nostrils quivered, like a temperance worker passing a corner saloon. He usually slept in a bathtub-sized excavation underneath my mother's pet rose bush. People could never understand my reasons for keeping Dan'l, and I could never make them very clear. Maybe it was simply because he had the nonchalant courage to do so many perfectly outrageous things that I have always wanted to do, but never quite dared. For example, when Dan'l felt like snarling, he snarled, and he usually felt like it. He appointed himself honorary inspector of the entire neighborhood, and nothing was free from his impertinent gaze. He would invade people's homes, and when they asked him to leave, growl and snap, with the result that the householders were so completely flabbergasted, that Dan'l got by with it.

There was a neighbor who had a petted cow and a petted cat. The combination seemed to give Dan'l a kind of morbid pleasure. First he barked at the cow and chased the cat. Then he struck on the idea of chasing the cat underneath the cow at milking time. The bothered cat would run hard for its standard feeding-place beside the milking stall. Dan'l would pursue, the cow would kick hard and high, upset the bucket, and baptize the milking housewife in milk. At that, the housewife would rise and reach for rocks. But the only rocks at hands were boulders unthrowable from a standpoint of accuracy. I am told that Dan'l repeated the prank on two successive nights. But by the third night the long-suffering neighbor had gathered up a convenient pile of sizable rocks. Dan'l saw the strategy in time. He never repeated the play.

Dan'l turned feeble while rounding out his fifteenth year. One morning I found him dead, head tucked between forepaws, as if in prayer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NORTH OF 55

By JOHN McGURK

I CLAMBER aboard the single passenger car on the freight train that gives occasional service to Peace River travelers, missionaries, hospital patients, wheat, cattle and hogs.

My baggage smacks somewhat of a European monarch on a post-revolution flight. Piece by piece I tote it aboard and store it in a great heap. There is a huge carton box of old clothes, shoes, etc.; another filled with Catholic literature, with German catechisms, rosaries and other such for those last white people over toward the Rockies; there is a stereopticon lantern with slides of the Passion Play of Oberammergau (belonging to the university five hundred miles south and east); a fifteen-inch statue of Saint Joseph, just arrived from Montreal, and to be left in a frontier hotel in lieu of board bill payment; then there is my separate missionary kit; and last of all, the necessary "Boston bag" for overflows and "forget-me-nots," containing the following heterogeneous fragments: a catechism for a non-Catholic lady, unrequested, but she has a Catholic husband; a rosary, requested by an Anglican minister who is a graduate of Cambridge University; a shaving set; two tabernacle veils (for I really have one church among my motley missions); an alarm clock; a packet of Aunt Jemima pancakes; a Breviary; a jar of jam; two COMMONWEALS and a *G. K.'s Weekly;* one clean collar; a can of soup and a jar of peanut butter; a very stale pipe forgotten in the hospital by an old squaw; a jar of hair-varnish purchased at the earnest request of a Peace River belle, and a few odds and ends that never leave it.

The dust is thick and everywhere; in a corner is a rusty stove fortunately stoked up; and in a double seat ahead are two ladies, a man and a minister earnestly poring over a jig-saw puzzle just "in" from "outside"—as the vernacular has it.

Across the aisle is a bedraggled looking lady, with a pained look on her toil-worn face. I take out my writing tablet and in spite of the wild careening of the coach, I commence to write some notes to tack onto Saint Joseph for the inn, on the rosary for the ritualist, and on the hair-varnish for Helen—although she should be at the station to receive that and I shall conscript her to deliver the rest.

Suddenly the lone lady across the aisle begins to talk at me: "I had five teeth taken out this morning."

One is never surprised, except on first arriving, at the easy approach of the old-timers up here. When people have been here for twenty years and have just "had an operation" and there is a meek-looking missionary across the aisle—well, one gets used to unconventionality and operations. For example, there was "Snaky Nell" not long ago, who used to be a circus rider, then rodeo, then snakes, then shooting gallery, then the ranch and, last, "her operation." The whole car heard about Nell's operation—but that is another story and, besides, poor Snaky Nell couldn't keep still and she passed out later on.

So from former experiences, I know I am "in for it" again—and murmur I am sorry.

On she goes: "I'm sorry to interrupt your writing; but it's an awful thing to have teeth pulled out. I guess folks are nervouser nowadays than they used to be; but lucky for me, before I left home yesterday I went in to see the grocery man and he made it easier for me. . . ."

Here I wonder just what virtue is in the hem of the grocer's garment. He is usually the "general-store" man in these parts and maybe sold her some pain-killer.

But she soon clarifies these momentary obscurities: "The grocery man has often been to dentists and knows all about them. He told me all about the motions the dentist does; what he goes away for and what he's going to do when he gets back and what those little things on the table are for and everything. So I was prepared pretty well. That made it easy but all the same. . . ."

Having had much experience with dental surgeons myself, I am becoming quite sympathetic. I do not like dentists. I remember a former battle-royal over two recalcitrant molars, those supposed contemporaries of wisdom. Then I had taken a "local" and was a conscious party to the wrestling match. Now I inquire if she had taken the same anesthetic.

She had and tenderly touches her lower maxillary. The "freeze" is just coming out of it, for when a poor soul has to travel a round trip of two hundred miles, they don't have any extra money for hotel bills. The engagement and work are simultaneous and the recovering is done by return freight.

On she goes: "I was most afraid when he jabbed that needle in; but I didn't get cross or talk at him that way. Twenty years ago I went to a dentist and I talked awful cross at him; but my sister talked nice at him and that smoothed things over. And not long ago I met that same dentist and told him I was awful sorry for scolding him."

Here I venture to interject: "Somewhat on the style of 'Sam Johnson's repentance.' Eh?"

She looks surprised. "Was he the fellow that wrote stuff? But I never heard of his 'repentance'"; she questions and states in one breath and, I feel, deserves enlightment in this vein.

"He wrote a dictionary but he was not sorry for that, because dictionaries are so useful for cross-word puzzles." Here I glance over at the silent jig-saw workers and somehow feel if the clergyman weren't a party to it, there might be more of crosswords and less jig-saw success. The thought perishes and I flash back from the Doctor of Divinity to the Doctor of Belles Lettres and his alleged association with this poor victim of the modern Doctor of Dental Surgery, and I proceed: "Doctor Johnson, when a boy at home in Lichfield, was nasty to his sick old Dad, the town librarian." The whole story is unravelled down to the tall stranger in the market place, 'mid the sun and showers of high noon and for conclusion: "Twenty years later he came back and the world knows he was sorry—like you with the dentist, who, though, was still alive."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fearing she would get back to the "grocery man" and the "motions" and her reactions, on all of which I was now quite clear, I hasten to add: "Are you from the old country, Madam, and perhaps you know the city of Lichfield?"

"No! But I've been to Californy!" she proudly answers; then takes a moment to silently and pensively gaze out the dusty window at the blinding steppes of snow unlimited in expanse and still three-feet deep on the levels. It is April first, by the way. The contrast brings thoughts to me and words from her.

My unexpressed thought is: "April first! Look at those snows outside, and this jiggly dusty old freight. Think of the Holy Mass, in hotels and log schools and log houses, and the horses, and the snowmobiles and the dumpings out and the 'sixty belows.' Guess I'm just an April Fool for Christ."

And what she says is: "Down there in Los Angeles the leaves on the trees are like the soft feathers on a chicken; those little softest ones. The wind never seems to blow and the leaves don't rustle. They just shake all silent like."

"Except when there's an earthquake!" I put in slyly, and ask just for fun: "Did you see Hollywood when you were there and what was it like?"

"Oh! It was wonderful. Just like Paradise!"

This answer might have made me grieve if I were judicious or chuckle if inexperienced in these great northern winters and ignorant of her subjective reactions. The toughest winter in thirty years, the temperature dropping to 60° below, two hundred miles to have teeth extracted, no rest and immediately headed for home—well do I understand what is behind this startling similitude.

As I am a missionary, and since I have been conscripted for social conversation by the recognized conventions of the North, I feel I should direct it into more spiritual channels than Hollywood. I shot this across the aisle: "Did you hear Aimée Semple McPherson while you were in Los Angeles?"

"No! We went to Catalina Island instead and hadn't enough time. And we didn't go in the glass-bottom boat, but we should have. You can see right down to the things growing on the bed of the ocean. Some of it grows there itself; but they say the divers go down and plant a lot of it for tourists to see. You can see the fish too, and you should see all the old people in Los Angeles. They say they are retired millionaires!"

("The quack religion founders know it," I think to myself.)

The jiggly old freight is now pulling into a frontier village. It is here that Saint Joseph and Company have to be dropped off. Not until a later date will this mission have Mass. I can see Helen waiting eagerly for her little parcel of bottled beauty. Willingly or otherwise, she'll lug good plain old Saint Joseph to the hotel; and the rosary to the ritualist. I hope Helen won't wonder at my communication with the Heretic-in-Chief of the district. And there is Catholic literature for the faithful also. . . .

Good! Helen's brother is there with his gang; and I leave them both arguing on Distributism. She is all for hurrying home at once. I am back in the train and the poor lady looks more crumpled up than ever. I do feel sorry for her. Why didn't she bring a blanket and a pillow? I would offer my overcoat but it's too late now. I must depart at the next water-tank.

Poor soul! In her motherly pain-hurt face, thin body and hardened hands, I see the valiant woman of pioneer days. Quite probably she came in before the railroad over the Edison Trail, with her husband and little ones and covered wagon; rough-hewed their home of logs, and broke the land. The years rolled swiftly by, the railroad brought transportation facilities, and then it was quick and hard cash for quick and hard wheat. It was prosperity and that meant one thing—"a trip to Californy." One glorious break! One unforgettable vision into a very doubtful third heaven called Hollywood. "Like Stout Cortez" (or Balboa) she "stared at the broad Pacific!" When the gentle zephyrs blew she listened, but heard no sound from the Los Angelic leaves. Round Catalina Island had she been, and headed for home—always hurried, up or down, touring or suffering. Whether the memories of it all comfort her in her afflictions or tend to aggravate them, I cannot say.

What I can say is: She is one of thousands, who came north of 55 from Idaho, from Minnesota, from Iowa, from Montana, from all parts of Canada, from the old countries and the new; bravely and loyally following their men, who in the decades after the golden bubble of '98 had burst, succumbed to a new lure, not of "barren metal" but of golden grain, "No. 1, Hard Northern." Wheat! Yes! Hardy and A Number One also these sturdy settlers who produce it north of 55. . . .

"Good-bye," she says. "And say! Thanks, you made me forget my teeth."

Et in Carne Mea

Be watchful, eyes!
That when the last day breaks
And in that first surprise
This body of mine wakes,
No recollection dim
That first glad sight of Him.

Be cautious, lips!
Say nothing to regret.
The word that careless slips
We might not quite forget
On that great day of days
When all shall sing His praise.

Be prudent, flesh!
The long forgotten scar
Perhaps may bleed afresh;
And we stand off afar
Too conscious of our sin,
To dare to enter in.

PATRICK F. KIRBY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MONSIGNOR CICOGNANI

By IGINO GIORDANI

WHILE Europe was afire with hatred and destruction, divided into two opposing fields, Monsignor Hamlet John Cicognani made his contribution to the work of peace organized by Pope Benedict XV, and wrote a book with the expressive title, "The Great Commandment of the Gospel in the Early Church."

Italy had just entered the furnace, and the Pope thus expressed his praise of Monsignor Cicognani's work: "In times of hatred and war you have happily spoken of charity, the divine and only antidote against misfortune, by describing charity as understood and practised by the Christians of the first three centuries of the Church."

It was a subject of striking interest; and although worked out on grounds of scientific research, it was intended likewise to cooperate doctrinally with the counter-offensive of peace—a difficult task of reconstruction against the easy fury of extermination.

Recently this book[1] has been beautifully translated into English by the Reverend Joseph I. Schade, S.T.L. In his Preface the author says: "The war is terminated, but only on the field of battle. In the hearts of men and in the bosoms of nations, the seeds of strife are still being planted, and there are not lacking those who would assume the sad task of cultivating these seeds and hastening their ultimate fructification."

The Gospel of love, in the last thirty years, has been studied both by Catholics and Protestants, in order to revive the strongest social virtue of Christianity. A new study of the original documents of our religion, from a social point of view, was undertaken after centuries of the deepest research on theological and philosophical grounds. Only in the Middle Ages had scholastics included as an essential part of their systems the study of the social problems from a Christian point of view. But since the Reformation there has been a need to seek in Christianity the solution of our tremendous social questions: questions arising chiefly as a consequence of the separation of life from religion, of economics from ethics.

In Europe, the attempt to introduce into the relations of classes and peoples the principles of the Gospel had, as its first important center of elaboration and propagation, in our times, the paper *L'Avenir,* founded by Lamennais, and since then the works of Montalembert, Lacordaire, Cochin, Le Play, Ozanam, etc., followed by La Tour du Pin, De Mun, Léon Harmel, Pottier, Duthoit.

In Italy I may mention the Neo-Guelf movement, and the writings of Gioberti, Cantù, Tommaseo and Father Ventura, and recently Albertario, Toniolo with his school, and the Catholic University with its Union for the Social Sciences and its *Rivista internazionale di Scienze Sociali;* and, among the Jesuits, Father Brucculeri of the *Civiltá Cattolica.*

Three great bishops had a special importance in preparing the first social Catholic formulas, which were to be developed and systematized in the Leonian encyclicals: Ketteler, Mermillod and Manning. Ketteler issued in 1864 his pamphlet on the social question, "Arbeiterfrage und das Christentum." Mermillod gave and printed in Paris, in 1868 and 1872, two famous lectures on "L'église et les ouvriers au XIX^{e} siècle," and "La question ouvrière." Cardinal Manning, among his social activities, which were related by Georgiana Putnam McEntee in her beautiful book "The Social Catholic Movement in Great Britain," gave a famous lecture at Leeds, in 1874.

In Germany these ideas were agitated by the Catholics of the Zentrumpartei; while in Austria Karl Vogelsang became the most authoritative theorist of social Catholicism. Now the tradition, as established by the "Quadragesimo Anno" is being carried on by Miklas and Dollfuss. Special mention should be made of the German writer Anton Orel, who, with his big work, "Oeconomia Perennis," goes back to the strictest economical theories of medieval scholasticism.

All these studies and movements were connected, to a remarkable extent, with the doctrines of Saint Thomas Aquinas. In more recent times, other students have emphasized the original thought of the Gospel, and directed important inquiries to develop the principles of the New Testament and of the Fathers of the Church, especially as applied in the social relations of the early Church. This study was actuated by both scientific and practical interest because, as Monsignor Cicognani says, "To go back to the ancient is to go forward."

American authors, who specially stressed this matter perhaps deserve to be listed among the first on the Catholic side. Among European writers were such scholars as Harnack, Mathews, Gore, Troeltsch, Stead, etc., among non-Catholics; Abbé Lugan, Lagrange, Brucculeri, Bardy, Benigni, Anthero, among Catholics.

The youngest of all these, Monsignor Cicognani, deals with the central principle of the social Gospel: the commandment of love; and he investigates this by a keen, critical analysis of the scriptural texts and of the monuments of the early Church. His achievement seems to me particularly significant, since it comes from the very heart of that Church of Rome, which Saint Ignatius the Martyr, at the beginning of the second century, designated as "ruling the world-wide brotherhood of charity."

The amount of material gathered and examined by the author belongs, almost exclusively, to the first three centuries. He shows how charity, in the New Law, is the greatest of all the virtues; and by a moderate, but convincing, comparison with the pagan standards of life, he demonstrates how it was really the main strength of the saintly revolution of the Cross. Love became the inexhaustible spring of joy: it inspired a new life, gave form to the Kingdom of God, introduced into the human heart a new inspiration of faith. Its fruits were liberty, purity, forgiveness, fraternity; and its practical work might be seen in the organization of each Christian community, where worship and beneficence were closely cultivated, and near the *ara* (altar) was placed the *arca* (savings-

[1] *The Great Commandment of the Gospel in the Early Church, by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Hamlet John Cicognani; translated by Rev. Joseph I. Schade. Philadelphia: John Joseph McVey. $1.75.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bank). Offerings and gifts were put upon the altar; and thus, practically, love for God and love for men were identified in one love, of which prayer and beneficence were the expression.

Widows, orphans, children, prisoners, sick and poor people formed the first object of this charity; and Monsignor Cicognani, with appropriate references to the ideals and practise of pagans explains the enormous social effects of Christian charity. Saint John Chrysostom relates that, at the time of the deacon Lawrence, the Roman Church fed daily 1,500 poor: and these formed the sacred treasures of the Church.

The Eucharist was the core of the Christian life; and the banquet called Agape, which means charity, was one of the manifestations of mutual love. Also the Liturgy was surrounded by the gorgeous light of charity.

Out of the *Ecclesia,* charity manifested itself in the family, in the school, in public, commercial and social relations, and reacted on the general private and public life. The new ideas of education, of treatment of servants, of the administration of justice, of the duty toward enemies, of the cult of the dead, are shown and explained by Monsignor Cicognani with striking examples taken from early history and from the teachings of the Fathers.

It is surprising that Monsignor Cicognani, in his active life in the service of the Church, could find time for a work, which required long research and peaceful meditation. But he has from early youth always had extraordinary endurance. As a young priest in the Collegio Nazzareno, in Rome, he studied intensely during the night, to get his degrees of theology and law, and then for his successful examinations for the Congregations of Penitentiaria and Consistory. His activity was deservedly appreciated by the Holy Father, who confided to him many important missions to North and South America, to Syria, etc. His latest, hard work was his contribution to the codification of the Oriental Canon Law. The social spirit of the early Church became his inspiring guide in diplomatic fields: he could not have had a better influence.

This book is a beautiful testimony to the Gospel of love, showing a profound study and understanding of it. Certainly it will be widely appreciated in America, where social questions are of such vital and general interest.

Silhouette

To wear the snow the winter tree
Puts off its acid-etched design
And takes this new felicity,
Incisive with a softer line.

The black branch patterned with the snow
That strangely falls, is falling yet:
How tranquilly the tree lets go
Its morning's naked silhouette

On every branch the long snow makes,
Following the first that overran
The countryside, and nothing breaks
This black and white the storm began.

KENNETH SLADE ALLING.

COMMUNICATIONS

BEYOND THE NRA

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: In the last issue of THE COMMONWEAL you quoted Father R. A. McGowan, assistant director of the Department of Social Action of the National Catholic Welfare Conference as stating that while the NRA was a step in the direction of the complete plan for social justice of Pope Pius XI, it still fell short in several essentials "because there is under it no council of the employers' organization and the labor unions in each industry for the guidance of the industry to the common good; and no federation of the separate councils, including agriculture and non-industrial occupations to the same end. Instead, the organized employers alone *control production and prices* under government supervision and only bargain, or perhaps do not bargain, with organized employees about wages and hours . . . the longer it [NRA] falls short of the new social order of the encyclical, and *gives the first control to employers alone* and only bargaining power to organized employees, then in addition to its not establishing that prosperity for all which is the aim of social justice, there is greater danger from two main sources—the class struggle and excessive governmentalism."

Part of your own comment on this is to the effect that self-styled liberals will be amazed when they consider the above and appreciate the true radicalism of the Holy Father, which equally is the only true conservatism.

The writer discussed the above statement with several friends, all of us business men, who thought we had some idea of the meaning of the encyclicals and frankly we, as well as the self-styled liberals you refer to, are amazed, if our understanding of the statement quoted above is correct.

It appears to us to mean that the complete plan for social justice of Pope Pius XI calls for equal control of production and prices by labor and the employer. Without going into a great deal of detail the selling price of an article, particularly a manufactured article, is based among other things on the cost of labor, material and overhead. Every business transaction engaged in by the directors, officers and other management employees enter into these figures. The right to make decisions in these matters is transferred, in the case of a corporation, from the owners, the stockholders, to the board of directors and from them to the officers and other management employees. It would seem that when this right or control is taken from the owners and given to persons other than the owners, their property is in a sense being partly confiscated.

If the above statement is intended to mean practically that labor should have equal voting power on the board of directors in the case of a corporation, we would like to ask just how this power thus given to labor is reconciled with the Church's stand on the matter of protection of property rights.

C. E. M.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: The statement objected to does not mean an equal control by employer and employee over production and prices, and does not refer at all to an individual corporation but to a whole industry as is dealt with in the NRA codes. Yet employee participation in control over production and prices in a particular corporation is advocated on page 24 of Pius XI's "Reconstructing the Social Order" (N.C.W.C. text) when an employer cannot pay just wages because of bad management, unjust burdens or unjustly low prices. In such cases the employers and the employees are to fight jointly the obstacles to fair wages and the government is to help them. Because the employers are the owners, they are not therefore in exclusive and sole control. The reason, of course, is that in Catholic social teaching ownership is not absolute but semi-social.

As to whole industries, the encyclical advocates the formation of an organized "vocational group," Organized Occupation (*ordo*) or Guild (*collegium*) for each industry, composed of all the personnel of the industry (page 27). This Guild has the function of "directing the activities of the group to the common good" (page 28), with special rights of separate assembly and voting for employers and employees so they can care for their particular interests. Clearly the employees are to share in the general guidance of the whole industry for the common good. Two chief elements in making the industry meet the common good are quantity of production and prices.

Of course, the encyclical also advocates a modification of the wage contract itself into something of a partnership contract in which wage and salary earners share in profits or management or ownership (page 23).

REV. R. A. McGOWAN.

CONVERTS TO CATHOLICISM

Wawa, Pa.

TO the Editor: The letter in the December 15 issue of THE COMMONWEAL written from San Francisco and signed "Instructor" is very interesting since the example of "noted converts" is very edifying.

At the head of the nineteenth-century list would stand Dr. Orestes A. Brownson, who in the simplicity and humility of his conversion exclaimed, "I have brought nothing into the Church but my sins," and yet so immense was his mind, so deep his philosophy, so broad his experience in the search for truth that he leads in his knowledge and practise of various religious sects.

His first church affiliation was the Presbyterian which he embraced with all the ardor of his intense nature. Very soon he felt constrained by its rigid teachings. He then rejected Calvinism for so-called Liberal Christianity, a change from supernaturalism to rationalism; from this he became a Universalist minister, but could not find the liberty he sought, and turned therefore to the service of his fellow men, hoping to find his way out of the darkness and questionings that tortured his mind. He became what is now called a Socialist and found a vent for his activity in devising and supporting plans for world reform but could not agree that all social organization, all associated action, must be condemned as repugnant to justice.

Dr. Channing's writings drew him to the Unitarian and he labored in this field for several years. But his mind was not at rest, ever seeking, never finding, he devoted time and thought to the theories of St. Simonism. His intellect saw their error.

By writing a series of articles on "The Mission of Jesus" he received no little attention. Three of these articles were reproduced by the editor of a Catholic journal, and it was when he saw his articles copied here that the possibility of terminating his researches in the Church entered his mind. To be logical, he saw he must accept the Church, and he was instructed and baptized in Boston by Bishop Fitzpatrick, October, 1844.

From this moment Brownson resolved to devote his whole energy to the service of the Church, and so well did he carry out this resolution, and so able and intrepid an advocate of the Faith did he become, that he received a letter of approbation from the bishops assembled in the Council of Baltimore in 1849 and one from Pope Pius IX in 1854.

"The change I underwent was in taking on rather than in casting off, and my Catholic faith was under the grace of God, the slow and gradual accumulation of twenty-five years of intense mental activity and incessant struggle for light and a religion on which I could rely," he says.

RUTH C. ODIORNE.

New Rochelle, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Your correspondent signing himself "Instructor" in the December 15 issue, describes a need for a list of recent converts to Catholicism. He may be assisted in compiling such a list by consulting the "Catholic Periodical Index," under the subject heading, "Converts." Here are indexed the announcements of particular persons' reception into the Church, as well as other articles on persons who are converts if these articles tell about their conversion. The same section lists also writings on converts in general, often illustrated by individual examples. Entries under the headings "Conversion," "Converts' Aid Society," "Bethany Movement," and "Oxford Movement" may be of similar use.

READER.

CENTURIES OF THE "JUST PRICE"

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: For the information of your correspondent, "The Catholic Encyclopedia" does have references to Archbishop Wichman. In the Index (Volume XVI) there appear the following entries:

Wichman, Archbishop of Madgeburg, IX-525c;
Wichman, and Anastasius IV, I-455a;
Wichman, and Frederick Barbarossa, VI-253b; 491d.

W. C. J. MAGEE, *President,*
The Catholic Encyclopedia, Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CATHOLIC READING

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Perhaps Mr. Alan Rumford, who asks in this week's issue of THE COMMONWEAL for information concerning reading for "an adult, well-informed Catholic" will be interested to know that the *Book Survey,* published quarterly by this Committee, contains a selected list of recommended recent books which are likewise reviewed in the *Survey,* and that the Committee has recently published in the Catholic diocesan press a series of articles entitled "Books for Leisure," containing suggested readings in standard literature. Not all the books listed are of Catholic authorship, but they are all evaluated in the light of Catholic principles.

THE CARDINAL HAYES LITERATURE COMMITTEE.

Syracuse, N. Y.

TO the Editor: The following list is a beginning that one might make in reading Catholic books:

Saint Thomas A Kempis, "Imitation of Christ";
"Autobiography of St. Thérèse of Lisieux";
Joyce Kilmer, "Works" (2 Volumes);
G. K. Chesterton, "St. Francis";
Thomas Walsh, "The Catholic Anthology";
Abbé Dimnet, "The Art of Thinking";
Abbé Dimnet, "What We Live By";
Raoul Plus, S. J., "God within Us";
T. V. Moore, "Dynamic Psychology";
William S. Walsh, "Peace of Mind and Body."

CATHARINE M. SHEEHAN.

THE SEMINAR IN CUBA

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: May we, through your columns, draw the attention of your readers to the third annual Seminar in the Caribbean, to be held in Cuba from March 7 to 14, 1934, under the auspices of the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America?

We believe that, especially in view of recent developments, it is of increasing importance that a growing number of Americans should have insight into the problems, culture and lives of the Cuban people. The Seminar in Cuba, like our annual Seminar in Mexico, is designed to bring its members into contact with the plans, projects and beliefs of the leaders of all sectors of opinion in the country.

The Seminar will begin with lectures on shipboard en route from New York to Havana. The program in Cuba will include lectures, round-table discussions, and field trips into the interior. The faculty of the Seminar, leading its discussions and perfecting its contacts with Cuba and Cubans, will include Dr. Ernest Gruening, Miss Eliazbeth Wallace, Dr. Chester Lloyd Jones and Mr. Hubert C. Herring.

Applications and requests for detailed information should be adressed to

MR. HUBERT C. HERRING, *Executive Director,*
112 East 19th Street, New York, N. Y.

A NEGRO MISSION JUBILEE

TO the Editor: In your issue of December 8, 1933, the writer of "A Negro Mission Jubilee" mentions Father Ignatius Lissner as "of the White Fathers of Africa." Father Lissner is really too widely known in this country to allow such a wrong statement to remain uncorrected. He belongs to the Alsatian province of the African Missions Society of Lyons, France, which was founded twelve years before Lavigerie's by Bishop Marion de Bresillac, a former missionary of India.

The Lyons African Missions Society has four hundred priests, eight bishops and four prefects working in the countries between Sierra Leone and the Niger, called "White Man's Grave," where we count already nearly half a million Catholics with one hundred thousand catechumens and twelve native priests. Father Lissner was himself a missionary in Egypt and in Dahomey and is the founder in this country of St. Anthony's Mission House of Tenafly, New Jersey, the mission of St. Odilia in Los Angeles, California, and in Georgia, the missions of: Our Lady of Lourdes, Atlanta; Immaculate Conception, Augusta; St. Peter Claver, Macon; and the three missions of St. Anthony, St. Mary and St. Benedict at Savannah.

He also founded the congregation of colored nuns called Handmaids of Mary and remains the Superior of the Alsatian province in America, of Lyons' African Missions Society.

LECTRIX.

GUY DE FONTGALLAND

Fontana, Calif.

TO the Editor: Now and then there appears in THE COMMONWEAL an article of unusual merit and unique inspiration. Such a one is that dealing with Guy de Fontgalland in the September 22 issue. One might comment upon the intelligent summary of Guy's message to the modern world so admirably given by Father Code. One might laud the graphic and vigorous style of the narration. Appreciation of the timeliness of the article might be expressed. Yet all these points are incidental when we consider who little Guy was and what he was able to do with the grace of God which inundated his soul during his Holy Communions. A veritable "Angel of the Eucharist," what a magnificent lesson his life is to children and especially to those charged with the instruction of the little ones!

The article accomplished what should be the prime motive of any bit of writing—it made me want to know more about this Servant of God who received so many manifestations of the love of God. What I have discovered I gladly pass on. There is an English concern which has the complete charge of the publicizing of Guy's name and fame. By applying thereat one may obtain pictures of Guy, relics, books on his life, etc. The requests for these or any other quests for information may be addressed to the Chief Secretary, 5, Leicester Place, London, W. C. 2, England.

CHRISTINE GAZVODA.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Jezebel

OWEN DAVIS is the author of this story of a headstrong young girl of the "deep" South in the decade before the Civil War. He is, to say the very least of him, one of our most prolific playwrights. He is usually an expert craftsman but, in the present instance, he has been somewhat afflicted by that curious self-consciousness which attacks so many less distinguished authors when they attempt to re-create a period of history. The characters never emerge for long as individual human beings. In spite of this, however, the play has a certain glamorous and romantic flavor which, if fully developed by author and actors, might have created something of unusual interest and charm with a touch of tragic intensity.

Julie Kendrick is a warm-hearted and impulsive girl who has the fatal facility of hurting those she loves by bursts of cruelty. Three years before the play opens, she had sent away her devoted cousin, Preston Hendrick, because of some trivial disagreement ending in a violent quarrel. But she has never ceased to love him and to count on his continued love for her. In spite of three hardening years abroad, she has returned to her plantation near New Orleans in the certainty that she can bring Preston back to her by humbling herself. He accepts her invitation to come to Twin Oaks for a reunion of the clans—but arrives with his wife! Julie, who was not present at the moment of his arrival, meets him alone in the garden, and knowing nothing of the young Northern wife, does humbly ask his forgiveness and tells him of her love. At that moment, Preston's wife joins them, and Julie is once more stung into a mood of vindictive hate.

Later in the evening, Julie bit by bit encourages a quarrel between Preston and a hot-blooded neighbor with a well-known penchant for dueling. Preston's younger brother intervenes, trying to draw the quarrel to himself. He succeeds, and in the bleak dawn that follows, kills the man whom Julie had hoped would kill Preston. This final episode is too much even for Julie's most devoted relatives. One by one, they leave her. Preston, too, is about to leave with his wife, when he is struck down by yellow fever—the plague which has been raging in New Orleans and slowly working it way up the river bottom. Julie is at last able to see herself as she really is, to appraise that contemptible inner torrent of pride which leads her to wreck the lives of everyone she loves. But when the relentless orders are issued that Preston must be removed to the Lazaretto Island pest house, Julie sees her chance to expiate her crime, and she goes off with the stricken Preston, with less than one chance in a hundred that either of them will return alive.

The theme of expiation is usually a powerful one, but I am afraid Mr. Davis has failed to give it its full impact. As he has written the play, the motive for Julie's self-sacrifice is not unmixed. It is, after all, a way in which she can have the man she loves entirely to herself, even if it be in death. Preston's wife at first offers unflinchingly to go with him, and it is only after Julie has painted the horrors of Lazaretto Island in the most vivid terms that her resolution weakens. Once more, then, Julie is merely having her own way at all costs. Just how far this is a real expiation is open to grave doubt. The "heroine complex" is too deep-seated in some natures to carry the conviction that a willingness to risk life itself is proof of final unselfishness. The real sacrifice for Julie Kendrick would have been to let Preston be carried off in the arms of his wife. But that, I assume, would not have appealed to Mr. Davis as romance. It would, however, have been real tragedy, which the present play is not.

Donald Oenslager has done all that scenic design can do to recapture for this production the soft luminosity of the old South. But the acting, in general, partakes of the same awkward self-consciousness which destroys the authenticity of the play itself. Miriam Hopkins is a delight to the eye as Julie and reaches a fine emotional intensity in the last scene, but during many long passages her gestures and facial expressions are far too carefully posed. (At the Ethel Barrymore Theatre.)

Eugene O'Neill's Next Play

AN UNUSUAL amount of speculation has centered about the subject matter and the mood of Eugene O'Neill's forthcoming play, "Days without End." The play opens in Boston this week, and will reach the Theatre Guild in New York the week beginning January 8. It is the subtitle which has stirred most of the curiosity—for O'Neill has called it "a modern miracle play."

Readers of this department may recall that I have often pointed out the singular continuity which links together all the plays O'Neill has written, an inner continuity, to be sure, but none the less real. There is something of the majesty and something, too, of the terror of a pilgrim's progress in the great surges of discovery, disappointment and renewed search to be traced in the mind and soul of this great poet of our stage. There was the impact of realism and suffering upon a sensitive mind in the first dramas of the sea. Then there were the problems of pride leading to annihilation in such plays as "The Emperor Jones" and "The Hairy Ape"—pride linked to a shyness which sought to hide itself behind masks and symbols. Then came the first great discovery of the creative power of suffering in "Great God Brown," culminating in those amazing last lines of the dying Brown: "Only he that has wept can laugh! The laughter of Heaven sows earth with a rain of tears, and out of Earth's transfigured birth-pain the laughter of Man returns to bless and play again in innumerable dancing gales of flame upon the knees of God!" What poet of our day has caught so sublimely the paradox of man's ascent to God through pain?

After this came renewed disappointments, the search for a new god in "Dynamo," the overproud laughter in "Lazarus Laughs," the possessive struggle of "Strange Interlude," and the terror of "Mourning Becomes Electra," ending in retirement within the sanctuary of the solitary soul. Will "Days without End" give the answer to what was found in that soul? It may well be O'Neill's most important play.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

Books for Youngsters

SANTA CLAUS, if he has had a mind to, can have brought every tiny tot an interesting new book or two. Few seasons have seen more picture-and-text literature for very young children, and much of it really deserves praise. Of course by the time this appears Santa will be out of reach for this year. I regret that by force of circumstances our annual review was so long delayed. But perhaps, since many long winter nights are still in the offing, parents may bestir themselves to the bookstores.

"The Little White Goat" (Macmillan. $1.75) is Dorothy Lathrop's version of an adventure with goats, rabbits and the woods. Illustrations and text reveal a shy, romantic understanding of the relationship between animals and children. It is not a first-class story, but will please. "The Handsome Donkey," by Mary Gould Davis, is a charming story of Baldasarre, a faithful Italian donkey, who saved the life of his master and was rewarded with a dinner of beans and clover. Emma Brock supplies the pictures, for which a very special dachshund sits for many entrancing portraits. Here is something unusually delightful, even though the setting is traditional Italian (Harcourt, Brace. $1.50). "The Story of Beowulf" has been retold a little too stodgily by Strafford Riggs, but the idea is excellent and the pictures by Henry C. Pitz are very good indeed. They suggest the glamor and roughness of old days but possess a definite beauty of their own (D. Appleton-Century. $2.50). William Clayton Pryor has revived an old theme of constant interest to boys in "The Train Book" (Harcourt, Brace. $1.00). It has fine, realistic full-page photographs in number.

"A Surprise to the Children" is a rather ambitious fairyland tale by Madge Kennedy, with precious interlardings of humor and fancy. There is plenty of it, so that mother could plan on reading along quite a while. Deems Taylor has contributed the music for incidental songs, while the illustrations are by J. H. Dowd (Doubleday, Doran. $2.00). "Beast, Bird and Fish," an "Animal Alphabet" by Elizabeth Morrow, goes through the alphabet with the help of various beasts drawn by René d'Harnoncourt. Here is a sample verse:

> "A bear is white or black or brown
> And likes some ice to sit upon.
> He has an overpowering hug,
> And when he dies becomes a rug."

In each instance the text is accompanied with music, so that the mysteries of the alphabet can be transposed into song. One should think such a book likely to have a kindergarten future (Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50). "Heroes and Heroines," by Eleanor and Herbert Farjeon, is a series of ballads about more or less famous folk written for English children and now imported to the United States. The illustrations by Rosalind Thornycroft, done somewhat in the manner of the old chapbooks and broadsides, are original and appealing (Dutton. $2.50). "Chip, My Life and Times," is a typical Louis Untermeyer book. There isn't a great deal of it, but what there is ought to entertain any child. Being the chronicle of the adventure of a chipmunk once known to the author personally, it is easy for the hero to become an animal with distinctly American ways. The illustrations are by Vera Neville and the author (Harcourt, Brace. $1.75).

A hen, a duck and a rabbit decide to keep house while a Basque peasant family are away, and these do so with relatively disastrous results. Dishes are broken; food is spilled. Finally the family comes home, and trouble starts. The story, "The Hen That Kept House," isn't much, as you have seen, but the pictures by Emma L. Brock are exceptionally fine. They may confidently be guaranteed to please and to amuse (Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50). "Blue Barns," by Helen Sewell, is a kind of introduction to the creatures of the barnyard, particularly ducks and geese. The illustrations are rather modern and good (Macmillan. $1.75). Though it was published some time ago, the edition of Rudyard Kipling's "Jungle Book" illustrated by Kurt Wiese, still deserves to go into the hands of all children to whom it has not yet been presented (Doubleday, Doran. $2.50).

Among books for older children, there are three relatively serious publications which have real educational interest. Edwin T. Hamilton's "Complete Aircraft Manual" is everything such a publication could be. It describes how sixty-five different aircraft models can be constructed and operated. The simple and lucid directions are accompanied by illustrations easy to follow. Older boys will appreciate getting such a book—which is incidentally tempting to the mature man (Harcourt, Brace. $3.50). "Engines and Brass Bands," by Olive Beaupré Miller, is an ingenious attempt to describe the life of a Middle-Western community in the 'nineties. The method is fictional, but is heavily weighted with historical material. Many vignettes add to the appeal of the text, which is only just a bit long-winded (Doubleday, Doran. $2.50). "Young America's Story of Franklin D. Roosevelt," by Sadybeth and Anson Lowitz, is hero-worship, to be sure, but done breezily and in good taste. It can be read quickly and easily.

Now for some juvenile fiction, of which there is as usual no dearth. "The Winged Girl of Knossos," by Erick Berry (who is also the artist), deals with the adventures of a girl who lived in old Crete. Incidentally it helps to promote interest in ancient history, which the author has diligently studied. Mrs. Berry shows more than average skill as a writer (D. Appleton-Century. $2.00). "Peter: Katrinka's Brother," is by Helen Eggleston Haskell, whose earlier "Katrinka" will be remembered. It is a well-written tale of modern Russia, the problems of which are only remotely envisaged (Dutton. $2.00). "The Seven Crowns" is a refreshingly simple story of a little girl's daily life in Copenhagen. Eleanor Frances Lattimore, the author, keeps her imagination out of fairyland and as a result walks better with children on terra firma than almost any other modern writer we know (Harcourt, Brace. $1.75).

A few other story titles may be listed somewhat hurriedly. "Indian Gold," by Orin Mack, is a Wild West,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

open-air book with some historical interest. The pictures are by Harold Von Schmidt (Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50). "That Boy Joe Fox," by William E. Hendrix, S.J., is a Catholic boys' story with all sorts of things in it (Benziger Brothers. $1.25). Foreign-born children at a settlement house are the subjects of Lenora M. Weber's quite social-servicy tale, "Mr. Gold and Her Neighborhood House" (Little, Brown. $2.00). "Sonny," by Stephen M. Johnston (Benziger Brothers. $1.50), has both Western and religious interest. Ruth Irma Low is by this time something of a veteran writer of juvenile fiction. Her latest book, "Maureen O'Day," has to do with a little girl who lives with a Massachusetts family.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

Medieval Homilists

Literature and Pulpit in Medieval England, by G. R. Owst. New York: The Macmillan Company. $8.00.

HERE is a truly scholarly work, written in close contact with innumerable manuscript sources, yet so smooth in its literary style and so interestingly composed that the erudition of its author is never obtrusive.

The influence of the medieval preacher in the formation of the literature of England is indeed "a neglected chapter in the history of English letters." No author, perhaps, is more competent than Doctor G. R. Owst to write that chapter. His excellent work "Preaching in Medieval England," published in 1926, has already established his authority in this field.

Doctor Owst finds evidence aplenty of the debt which writers like Chaucer, Shakespeare and Bunyan owe to the homilists of the Middle Ages. In particular, the accurate parallel he draws between the social doctrines of the medieval pulpit and those of the "Vision of Piers Plowman" discloses a source of prime importance for the historical appreciation of Langland's poem.

The influence of medieval preaching is traceable not only in individual writers but also in literary forms and in the language itself. The author finds much to substantiate his thesis that fiction, satire, allegory, political poetry and the drama owe a great deal to the popular preacher of the Middle Ages. In the linguistic sphere, Richard Rolle is recognized as the outstanding figure in the movement which popularized the preaching of the earlier mendicants, and thus materially contributed to the shaping of the English speech. Doctor Owst agrees with Horstmann in regarding the hermit of Hampole "as the Father of English Literature." He gives him a place alongside of David of Augsburg (long before Luther), the father of the German tongue, and Saint Francis of Assisi, a father of the Italian vernacular.

The last chapter of this book, "The Literary Echo of the Social Gospel," is a particularly interesting study of medieval social principles as reflected in the sermons of the age and in the literature influenced by those sermons. Here the author does not hesitate to criticize, sometimes very severely, his master, Professor G. G. Coulton, for misinterpreting facts and presenting a distorted figure of the social and religious life in the Middle Ages.

B. ALTMAN & CO.

boudoir chair

Chintz in the distinctive Prince of Wales plume design on grounds of red, green, yellow, blue, brown or plum. A cosy armchair with padded, button-tufted back . . . an excellent value at 25.00

seventh floor

Fifth Ave. at 34th St., New York City
Also at East Orange and White Plains

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Next Week

THE NEGRO'S NEW DEAL, by John Gilland Brunini, is an important chapter on the working out of the national recovery. The depression, declares the writer, weighed more heavily on the Southern Negro than on any other class of worker in the country and at first under the NRA it was believed that the Negro's plight was worse than before. Mr. Brunini, without whitewashing or glossing over difficulties, sees the great experiments now being undertaken by the nation for an improved social order, in their total aspects, and while admitting that there is need for patience in particular cases—as there would need to be in any great readjustment—he points out large increasing benefits and splendid opportunities. . . . THE FAIR—1933, by Philip Burnham, is a retrospect having the advantage of a little perspective on the great Century of Progress Exposition. It views the fair as a phenomenon interesting in itself, and as a gage of what kind of progress human ingenuity in the past century believes it has been making. "Almost everyone," writes Mr. Burnham, "felt that it was too dispersive in character, that it too much lacked any unifying character." One may wonder whether this does not imply a clue to what's wrong with most contemporary life. . . . TO ONE JOBLESS, by Paul Bussard, is a sympathetic analysis of the problem of one not only disappointed and discouraged but also with a heart filled with hatred because of unwilling unemployment and its attendant tragedies. It strikes the note of hope and of the charity of those who must suffer charity. . . . WALK WITH A KENTUCKY JANUARY, by Robert Sparks Walker, is a thoroughly delightful, realistic adventure in the diversities and fascinations of nature.

It is thoroughly regrettable, however, that so scholarly a work should be marred by such obvious bias as reveals itself in an occasional passage like this: "The modern reader may well be left wondering at the end wherein lies the peculiar crime of those old Protestant Reformers who saw in the Woman of Babylon, "mother of harlots and abominations of the earth," an unerring prophecy of the medieval Romish *Ecclesia*. Something not so far removed even from this language indeed actually finds expression in the orthodox homiletic literature of our period. As historians we must at least admit that no other body in the whole history of Christendom has ever argued so eloquently for the title by the mouths of its own most zealous sons." As a historian Doctor Owst should realize that plain speaking (one might say even violent language) in the bosom of the family—the family of the Faith—when all the world was Catholic, is quite a different thing from slander, insult and opprobrious epithets hurled at the Mother by those outside the family and in revolt against it. Though fortunately infrequent, such uncalled-for and offensive insinuations are blemishes on an otherwise remarkably excellent work.

GERALD B. PHELAN.

Three Women in Rome

The Veil of Veronica, by Gertrude von le Fort; translated by Conrad M. R. Bonacina. New York: Sheed and Ward. $2.50.

ONLY a poet could have conceived this book; only a master novelist could have made it a perfect reality. No more enthusiastic praise can be given the author than to record that her achievement equals her conception. For "The Veil of Veronica" is a book of penetrating insight, marvelous vision and unforgettable and rare beauty. It pierces through, in one passage of startling illumination, to the very core of Catholicism and from it every page takes on the impress of the Rome that is everywhere, the Rome unconquerable and eternal because through the blood, tears and sweat of centuries it has become indelibly stamped with the countenance of Christ. Indeed the true heart of the world, as this Veronica saw in her mystical vision, is the monstrance under the baldachin of St. Peter's where the white still majesty of the Host is adored. From it goes, as rays from the sun, the Life which pulses through the Church, the Mystical Body of Christ.

Here is the Rome which is as true as the seven hills. But here, too, is the physical Rome against whose background the psychologically intricate histories of three women are revealed. Veronica herself is only at the threshold of womanhood when she begins this, her narrative. She is nicknamed "Spiegelchen"—little mirror—because she possesses an uncanny gift of seeming to live in her soul the mental processes of others. In the grandmother, Miss von le Fort has drawn a singularly accurate picture of the pagan who lives perfectly and nobly in the realm of that ideology. It is a tender portrait, one steeped in beauty and evocative of all the pathos associated with beauty that is evanescent and doomed from its first moments. The grandmother, who passionately loved Rome, could tolerate the Vatican but she could not accept it;

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

she could urge the conversion of her daughter, Edelgart, but the burning desire of her later years was to give to Veronica, through the contemplative study of pagan history and monuments, what she conceived was the finest of her own personality. No more poignant tragedy could be written than that attending the doubts which, once aroused, ate at the foundations of her proud beliefs until, the soul still impregnable, the body could stand no more.

The character of Edelgart is described at times with compassion or with scorn and again with severity. For where her mother was strong, Edelgart was weak. The story of her fifteen-year resistance to God, she herself tells in a final confession which is awesome in its completeness and terrible in its implications of mental disturbance and havoc. Not the fierce conflicts between faith and doubt stood as barrier to her conversion. She alone stood between God and herself, the Church and herself. Even in the negative, possibly to a greater degree than in the positive and individualistic, character, the frightened instinct of self-persistence and self-preservation is a powerful force. Before it the soul, its will to exist aroused and terrified, refuses to make the final surrender to a grace which must inevitably work a change. Thus Edelgart never wholly gave herself to God although ostensibly she was a devout and religious woman, a daily attendant at Mass.

There are strange and awful things in this book, but even the starkest passages are suffused with an all-protective Divine Mercy. Enzio, too, the faun, the poet, the pagan perfect, does not escape the imprint of the Rome of St. Peter's. When Veronica unconsciously held up to him the veil, all things became reflections of the Divine infused into the earthly. For sheer beauty—surely here the translator has accomplished a near marvel—the passages which describe his "Roman Odes" cannot be surpassed in the English language. "The Veil of Veronica" itself can conclusively be classed as a Catholic masterpiece.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI.

Those Were the Days

The Golden Age of Opera, by Herman Klein. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $4.00.

HAD MR. KLEIN chosen for the title of his book, "The Golden Age of Opera Singers" it would probably have been closer to the fact; certainly it would have been closer to the spirit which informs this volume. For though Mr. Klein writes of the operas he heard between the years 1867 and 1912 it is the singers who interest him, the works in which they appeared being to him mere vehicles for their vocal and histrionic talents. And it is unquestionably true that while many of the great operas of the world, including a number of the masterpieces of Verdi and Wagner, were produced before Mr. Klein was old enough to go to the theatre, the period of which he writes saw the reign *par excellence* of the singer. Never before or since have the diva and the tenor had things so utterly their own way, and Mr. Klein has accepted the fact and gloried in it. He writes of opera in London and of the Metropolitan during the first decade of the century, at which time he was a teacher in New York.

SAIL WITH
BISHOP KELLEY
to the
HOLY LAND

VISIT the Holy Land, Egypt and every other country on the Mediterranean, cradle of our western civilization. Come back to Italy for Easter Sunday and the closing celebrations of the Holy Year in Rome. You travel on the luxurious S. S. COLUMBUS, specially chartered by James Boring, and rates are amazingly economical:

TOURIST $330 up — 53 days—from New York Feb. 10 — Land trips optional — FIRST CLASS $620 up

Plan now to sail with this congenial Catholic party under the leadership of Most Rev. Francis C. Kelley, Bishop of Oklahoma. Membership is limited—you must act promptly. Secure illustrated literature from your local agent or

JAMES BORING CO. INC.
642 Fifth Avenue New York
Phone: PL 3-0515

ORATE FRATRES
A REVIEW DEVOTED TO THE LITURGICAL APOSTOLATE

Endeavors to promote an intelligent and spiritually fruitful participation in the liturgy of the Church. It is a response to the "most ardent desire to see the true Christian spirit flourish in every respect and be preserved by the faithful," as expressed by Pope Pius X in his *Motu Proprio* of November 22, 1903—a spirit acquired "from its foremost and indispensable source, the most holy mysteries and the public and solemn prayer of the Church."
ORATE FRATRES appears twelve times during the Church Year. Vol. VIII begins with the First Sunday of Advent. Each issue forty-eight pages. Two dollars per year in the United States. Limited trial offer, six issues for seventy-five cents.

OFFERAMUS A BOOK FOR MASS. Contains the Ordinary of the Mass in English and Latin and explanations of the parts of the Mass. Properly marked for group recitation. A means to introduce the Missal. Twelve cents per copy; discount in lots.

POPULAR LITURGICAL LIBRARY
of books, brochures, pamphlets and booklets. Send for free explanatory booklet.

THE LITURGICAL PRESS
St. John's Abbey Collegeville, Minnesota

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Every Form of Insurance

MARTIN J. KENNEDY

Established 1918

511 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

VAnderbilt 3-2123—2124—2125

Monthly Bulletin Sent Free Upon Request

College of
St. Elizabeth

A Catholic college for women, fully accredited offering A.B. and B.S. degrees. Courses in teacher training and home economics. Beautiful 400 acre campus, one hour from New York. Attractive modern residence halls. All indoor and outdoor sports and social activities. For catalog and view book, write Dean, 11 Convent Station, N. J.

We ask you for your support for the home and foreign missions of the Catholic Church by enrolling in the

SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH

Living and deceased members share in the spiritual benefits from the Masses, Prayers and Good Works of 45,000 missionary priests, sisters and brothers the world over.
Are you and the members of your family enrolled?

Perpetual Membership.....$40.00
Special Membership (Known as the family membership).....$6.00 per year
Ordinary Membership.....$1.00 per year

THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH
462 Madison Avenue
Corner 51st Street New York City
Phone—Plaza 3-4476
REV. THOMAS J. McDONNELL, Director.
REV. JOHN J. SCALLY, Assistant Director.

THE CLERGY REVIEW

invaluable to pastoral clergy—

Conducted by Professors of the English Catholic Colleges.
Annual Subscription (12 issues postage paid) $5.00.
Published on the first of each month.
Send a postal card for a specimen copy:

The Manager,
"THE UNIVERSE,"
1, Arundel Street Strand, London, W.C. 2.

The book is far from being a profound one, and is of value rather because of its gusto of appreciation than from any considered critical insight. While Mr. Klein says some keen things about the vocal virtues and faults of his heroes and heroines, of Tietjens and Faure, of Patti and Campanini, of Lucca and Nillsen, of the De Reszkes and Melba, of Sembrich and Calvé and Caruso, the deeper things of musical and especially dramatic interpretation he shows far less interest in. That he should, for instance, say so little of Victor Maurel, the man who was by far the greatest operatic actor of his age is an example of his blindness to the bigger things in operatic art. Mr. Klein is wrapped up in his memories of mere singing and here he revels to his heart's content. Those who enjoy a very sentimental journey back among dead singers will enjoy this book, but outside its judgments of the voice alone it is a somewhat uncertain guide. When Mr. Klein denominates Emmy Destinn as "an actress of consummate ability," we may be pardoned in doubting his verdicts on singers whom we have never seen.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Romance

Peter Abelard, by Helen Waddell. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

A NOVEL about Heloise and Abelard by Helen Waddell, brilliant and scholarly translator of medieval Latin lyrics, must arouse high expectations, nor will these be disappointed in the reading. As a work of art the story well deserves the praise with which English and American critics have greeted it.

Miss Waddell has not completely avoided some minor anachronisms. Surplices in Abelard's time are perhaps barely possible, but an *imprimatur,* for obvious reasons, could not have been alluded to, while a joke based on the text "Moab is my washpot" implies a knowledge of Hebrew most improbable at the period, since the Vulgate has a quite different reading. Yet these are insignificant slips by one whose reading in medieval and patristic fields is indeed vast, and whose treatment of history is on the whole accurate, though she calls on her imagination, as is the right of a romancer, where history is silent or obscure.

Miss Waddell's saints and sinners are genuine medieval Catholics. Saint Bernard of Clairvaux is humble as well as stern, and human, too, in his admission that he comes to visit the urbane and cynical Canon Gilles de Vannes because he likes him. Gilles describes himself as a heathen, but there is faith beneath his self-indulgence, and hence he produces, like the lovers themselves, a truly tragic effect absent from the shallow passions of many modern sinners.

Even to a reader indifferent to their ways of thought these folk of a distant century will seem alive by reason of their fundamental humanity, which is enhanced by the vividness of the settings in which they pray and sin and suffer, the dewy landscapes, the grey cloisters, the squalid and turbulent streets. One savors while following the tragic story a very real evocation of that dawn of the Middle Ages, when Gothic architecture, Saint Francis and Saint Thomas, and all the great achievement of the next

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hundred and fifty years, were still in the womb of time. The book ends in 1122, somewhat inconclusively, with a fine scene between Heloise, now Prioress of Argenteuil, and the aged Gilles de Vannes. Abelard, after the horrible vengeance of Fulbert and the sentence imposed at Soissons, has sought refuge near Troyes, and students are already flocking to his "Oratory of the Paraclete." It was not until nearly twenty years later that Abelard's teachings were formally condemned, first by a council at Sens and afterward by Rome. It may be well to remind Catholic readers that this condemnation was entirely justified, that Saint Bernard was quite right when he wrote of Abelard that "when he speaks of the Trinity he savors of Arius, when he speaks of grace of Pelagius, when he speaks of the person of Christ of Nestorius." Yet the headstrong and brilliant lover of Heloise was never a heretic in intention, and he died in penance and in peace.

T. Lawrason Riggs.

Theatre and Tea

Myself and My Friends, by Lillah McCarthy, O.B.E. (Lady Keeble); with an Aside by Bernard Shaw. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.00.

"ONE DAY," writes Mr. Shaw in his "Aside," "there walked into my rooms at the Adelphi, a gorgeously good-looking young lady in a green dress and huge picture hat in which any ordinary woman would have looked ridiculous and in which she looked splendid, with the figure and gait of a Diana. She said, 'Ten years ago when I was a little girl trying to play Lady Macbeth, you told me to spend ten years learning my business. I have learnt it now—give me a part.' I handed her the book of 'Man and Superman' and said simply 'Here you are.'"

From then on, Miss Lillah McCarthy continued to create Shavian heroines, playing them in the grand manner which she had imbibed from Ben Greet and Wilson Barrett. Masefield's "Tragedy of Nan" secured her a particular triumph as did her Iphigenia and Hecuba in Gilbert Murray's translations of Euripides. In the Reinhardt "Oedipus," so insurgent was the mob, who used all the aisles of the theatre, that Henry James, sauntering in late, suddenly found himself swept up onto the stage!

Famous people abound in Lady Keeble's helter-skelter pages but interest her only in relation to herself, although we do learn that Swinburne was in the habit of halting every "pram" he encountered to chuck the baby under the chin, and that Asquith admitted he would rather have won an Oxford fellowship than have been Prime Minister. When Lillah McCarthy married her Oxford Don, she retired from the theatre to the converted medieval barn on Boar's Hill where she has read poetry to many generations of undergraduates, recalling the days when her Irish father taught her to declaim pentameters on the hilltops. Reviewing her career, she notes that however much applause she earned, it was only when wearing a blonde wig that flowers, chocolates and love letters showered her dressing room. Lillah McCarthy in print lacks the beauty and force she possesses on the stage.

Euphemia Van Rensselaer Wyatt.

BEAUTIFUL HOMES ARE NOT ACCIDENTS

They do not just happen, no matter how fine the quality of the furnishings; nor are they the result of good taste alone, but of good taste working with definite, sure knowledge of the immutable principles and rules of interior decoration, color harmony and design.

At home, in your spare time, at very moderate cost, you can quickly and easily acquire this expert knowledge through

THE ARTS & DECORATION HOME STUDY COURSE in PERIOD and MODERN DECORATION

This course was prepared only a few years ago by three of America's greatest authorities. Its thirty lessons will give you a thorough and complete training in every branch of the art of Period and Modernistic Interior Decorating. A lesson will come to you every two weeks and can be learned in a few hours. Individual attention, criticism and instruction are given each student.

A Fascinating Career

With the completion of the course you will be qualified to practice interior decorating as a profession, if you care to do so. There is no career more satisfactory for the cultivated man or woman; and none which offers greater rewards.

In Your Own Home

Even if you have no desire to make professional use of this course, it will add greatly to your pleasure and save you much money in furnishing and decorating your own home. An absolute knowledge of what is genuine and what is correct in every period and style of furniture and decoration—an ability to "place" and evaluate a room and its contents at a glance—a definite saving of money—all these satisfactions will be yours.

SEND THIS COUPON TODAY FOR BIG BOOKLET DESCRIBING COURSE

Complete information about the course—method of teaching—its usefulness in your home—its cultural value.

ARTS & DECORATION
578 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Please send me your free booklet describing your Home Study Course in Interior Decoration.

Name .....

Address .....
C 1-5-34

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOOD COUNSEL COLLEGE
White Plains, N. Y.
A Catholic College for Women
Registered by the University of the State of New York. Membership in leading Educational Associations.
Bachelor of Arts. Bachelor of Science.
Pedagogy. Secretarial Course.
Beautiful location. Forty minutes from New York.
Extensive campus. Athletic Field.

COLLEGE OF SAINT TERESA
WINONA, MINNESOTA
For the Higher Education of Catholic Women
Registered for Teacher's License by the New York Board of Regents. Accredited by the Association of American Universities. Holds membership in the North Central Association of Colleges.
Confers the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science, and Bachelor of Science in Nursing. Trains High School Teachers; trains Vocational Specialists.
Attendance Exclusively Collegiate
Address: THE SECRETARY, Box K

BETHANY HOUSE
(Conducted for Women by the Maryknoll Sisters)
DELIGHTFULLY SITUATED AMONG THE WESTCHESTER HILLS
Spacious Grounds—Modern Structure—Excellent Table and Service
Comfort and Refinement—Chapel—Daily Mass
REASONABLE RATES
Sr. Directress, BETHANY HOUSE, Ossining, Maryknoll, P.O., N. Y.
Tel. No. Ossining 1452

TRINITY COLLEGE
WASHINGTON, D. C.
An Institution for the Higher Education of Women
Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur. Accredited by the Association of American Universities. Graduates eligible for membership in American Association of University Women.
For particulars, address
THE REGISTRAR OF THE COLLEGE

College of Notre Dame of Maryland
Charles Street Avenue, Baltimore, Md.
A Catholic Institute for the Higher Education of Women
Affiliated with the Catholic University of America
Registered by University of the State of New York and by the Maryland State Board of Education. Accredited by the Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools of the Middle States and Maryland. Member of the America Council of Education. Courses leading to the Degree of Bachelor of Arts. Address Registrar.
NOTRE DAME PREPARATORY SCHOOL
Resident and Day Pupils *Address Secretary*

ROSEMONT COLLEGE
Rosemont, Pa.
Conducted by the Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. A College for Catholic Women. Incorporated under the laws of the State of Pennsylvania with power to confer Degrees in Arts, Sciences and Letters. For resident and non-resident students. Situated eleven miles from Philadelphia on the Main Line of the P. R. R.
Address Registrar

ACADEMY OF ST. JOSEPH
IN-THE-PINES
Brentwood, New York
Boarding School for Young Ladies
(Preparatory Collegiate)
Affiliated with the State University
Complete Courses in Art, Vocal and Instrumental Music
Extensive Grounds, Large Campus, Athletics, Horseback Riding
ADDRESS: MOTHER SUPERIOR

St. Hilda Guild, Inc.

Church Vestments, Altar Linen
Ecclesiastical Embroidery
Conferences with reference to the adornment of churches
Old Embroidery Transferred
131 EAST 47th STREET NEW YORK
ELdorado 5-1058

Briefer Mention

La vie humaine et divine de Jésus-Christ Notre-Seigneur, by the Abbé Félix Klein. Paris: Bloud et Gay. 120 francs (paper covers).

WRITTEN for those Catholics who desire a life of Our Lord that is at once devotional and readable, the Abbé Klein's work is admirably adapted to its purpose. Its value is enhanced, not only by the attractive appearance of the book as a whole, but more especally by its abundant illustrations, which include ancient and modern masterpieces of sculpture, painting and engraving, besides a large number of extremely interesting and beautiful photographs. The care with which all have been chosen, the number of important ones that are seldom seen, and the almost total absence of mediocrities, are, in contrast to many illustrations in religious books, beyond all praise. To read this life of Christ is thus an artistic delight and an archeological education as well as a religious meditation. It may be enthusiastically recommended to all with a moderately thorough knowledge of French, and though its size and price prevent its being adapted to classroom use, it makes an ideal gift for young people.

Poems, 1930-1933, by Benjamin Musser. Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers. $2.00.

MR. MUSSER writes fine, first-class poetry and also a considerable bulk of mediocre verse. He publishes the two together indiscriminately. Perhaps this is done from some conception of democracy in art, that the commonalities after all have their values as well as the admirably groomed and cogent. He intimates that this is his attitude in an excellent poem, "The Formal Garden," wherein he regrets that the garden does not contain the plentiful wild woodland beauties. That is, he recognizes that weeds, leaves of grass and plain arid places have their authentic beauty. To believe that the weeds of verbiage, however, have a similar authentic beauty is a great mistake. The perfect flowers of simplicity or the rich felicities of common speech may have such beauty but only where the artistry that catches them is of the finest and most refined. This new book by Mr. Musser is worth having because of the occasional high poetry in it.

CONTRIBUTORS

CUTHBERT WRIGHT is an author and literary critic.
REV. WILLIAM MICHAEL DUCEY, O.S.B., of St. Anselm's Priory, Washington, D. C., is now studying at Maria Laach.
HELEN H. HIELSCHER is a new contributor to THE COMMONWEAL.
CHARLES MORROW WILSON contributes articles to current periodicals.
REV. JOHN MCGURK is a missionary in Northern latitudes.
PATRICK F. KIRBY is a Los Angeles lawyer.
COUNT IGINO GIORDANI is a member of the staff of the Vatican Library and an author of an anthology of American writers, "Scrittori Cattolici Nordamericani."
KENNETH SLADE ALLING, a contributor of poetry to current magazines, was for some years an editor of the *Measure*.
REV. GERALD B. PHELAN is professor of philosophy in St. Michael's College, Toronto, Canada.
JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI, poet and critic, contributes to current periodicals and is the author of "The Mysteries of the Rosary."
GRENVILLE VERNON, author of "The Image in the Path," is a publisher and a critic of literature and music.
REV. T. LAWRASON RIGGS is chaplain of the Catholic Club at Yale University.
EUPHEMIA VAN RENSSELAER WYATT is the dramatic critic of the *Catholic World*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED